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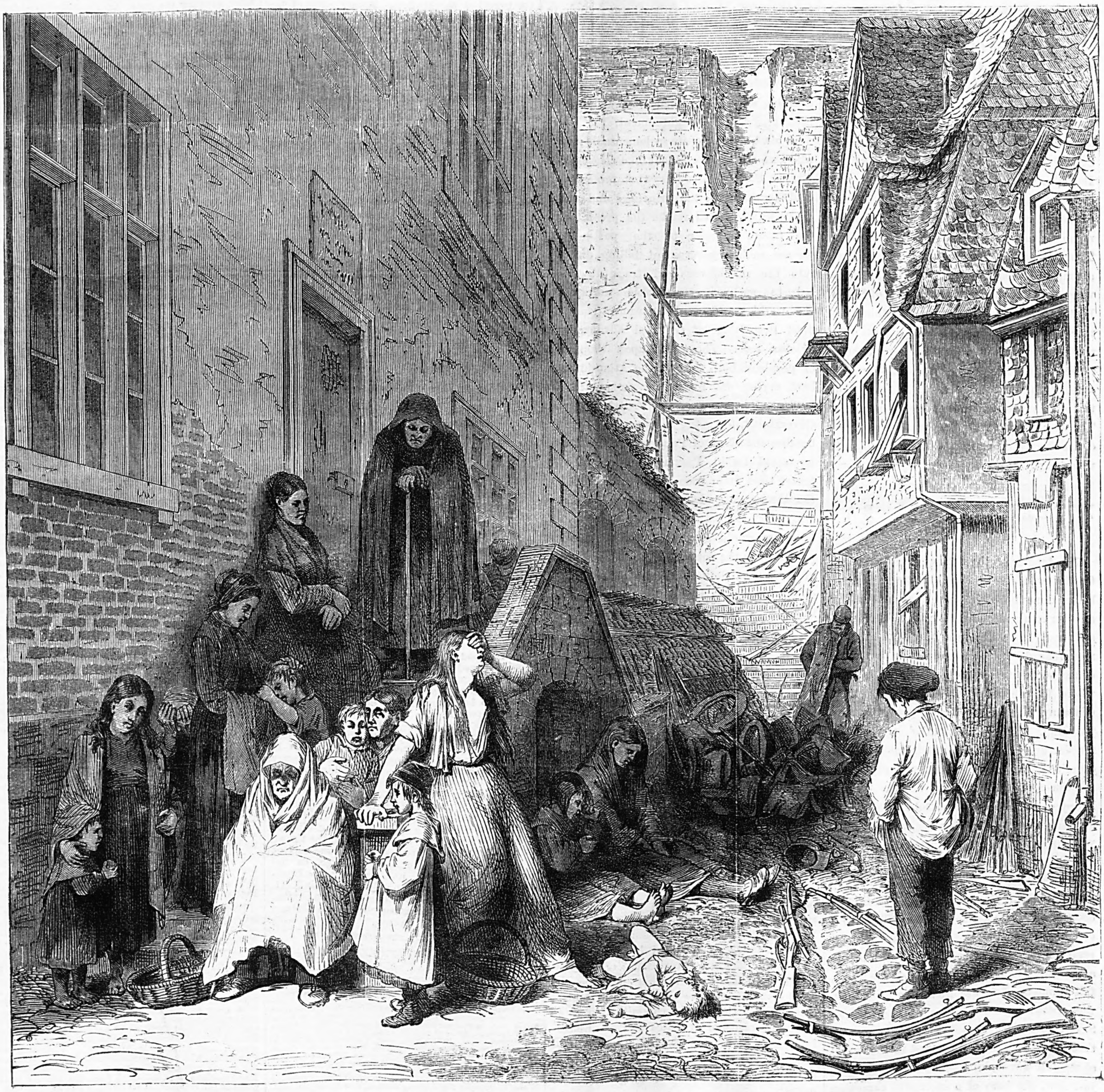
THE BYE-WAYS OF WAR.

The scene below is not altogether glorious. These are the non-combatants. That little dead babe in the foreground is one of the vanquished. There is a man in a spiked helmet up the lane surveying the spectacle. While he stands there looking on upon the inexpressible tragedy, his countrymen in the distant Fatherland, his friends at Berlin or Stutgard, Munich or Dresden, are filling the air with shouts of triumph and delight. The bells of those cities are ringing. The cannons are firing in token of the signal and extraordinary victory. The peoples are gathering round the palaces of the Kings, and making ovations. Enthusiasm cannot articulate the glory of the triumph. Will it ever be possible for that one German, whom we see dimly in the back-ground of this picture, to shout and halloo through the streets of the German capitals in memory of the great deeds done by himself and his countrymen in distant France? Will not the recollection of that spectacle of horror render him deaf to the congratulations that will be heaped upon him? Will he ever forget that half-naked murdered babe, those unhappy



A BYE-STREET IN SEDAN AFTER THE CAPITULATION.

children, those mothers in the first agony of desolation? The Germans are a kind, a tender-hearted, a social, domestic people; what pictures will they carry home with them from the battle-field of the 1st of September after the fight, and the streets of Sedan after the capitulation! Those poor women and children know nothing at all of war except its unspeakable horrors, and of those they have had their share in Sedan. The artist, Mr. Elliot, who made this sketch, did well to step aside from what are known as martial scenes, and draw this group of women and children. It used to be the fashion to give every war scene a rather glorious and inspiriting aspect. Of all the brilliant illustrations of French campaigns which adorn the walls of the Palace of the Tuilleries, there is not one which at all resembles Mr. Elliot's sketch. It is not the character of war which has changed; but the painters who received commissions to adorn with examples of their genius the halls and corridors of the magnificent hunting-seat of Louis XIII., did not go into the bye-ways of war for their subjects. A lane like this "side-street" of Sedan had no attractions for them. Nevertheless this is an infallible accompaniment of the history of war. The contests between France and Germany, extending over many hundreds of years, have made innumerable counterparts of that drama, In Sedan itself such scenes are not a novelty. Two hundred and thirty years ago a frightful battle was fought close by Sedan, in fact within and about that hapless village of Bazeilles which was burnt to ashes this year by the Germans; and there the Duc de Soissons was killed on the field, after having defeated the army of Richlieu. Sedan itself gave birth to Turenne, and Bazeilles was his nursing-place. The poor creatures pourtrayed in our sketch had heard of Turenne, and were doubtless proud of his name in association with their city; but Turenne made, in the fair country of Germany, among honest and industrious citizens, havoc very much like that in the bye-street of Sedan. History is very slow to teach us anything that runs against our own foolish passions; but the lesson of this war somehow seems to come home to people's hearts more closely than some of those of past times. Is there room to hope that it will not be without profit? The day must surely be far distant when either France or Germany will want to go to war again.

INTERNATIONAL BAD TEMPER.

The temper of the nations is discouraging. On the two sides of the Atlantic things are being done between one government and another of a nature tending to disagreement and war. The absolute and semi-absolute monarchs do not monopolise the fault. It comes out as strong at Washington as anywhere in the world. While France and Germany, disagreeing over a point of mere punctilio, after four months' practice in murder are still sending their men at each other's throats, a neighbouring empire, looking on and professing to deplore the unhappy quarrel and its frightful consequences, suddenly discovers a grievance, and, in terms which seem to have been intended to provoke hostilities, announces to the world that the grievance shall be remedied. Upon this subject the diplomatic mind of Europe occupies itself for a few days, and, just as a chance presents itself of a settlement without resort to blows, the Atlantic telegraph brings a message from the Continent of the West, full of omens of future ill-will and, perhaps, war, between two families of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not long since two or three instances were presented to the world of wanton war-making by a Minister who is, just now, the hero of a successful campaign the responsibility of which he has managed to shift from his own shoulders. A few months before the delaration of the 15th of July people were not quite sure that Belgium would not be invaded by French troops because the government of that little kingdom refused to allow one of its Railway Companies to lease a portion of a Belgian line to a French Railway corporation; and the ink is hardly dry upon the Treaty which forbade the miserable little kingdom of Greece from making underhand war with Turkey out of sympathy for Turkish subjects in insurrection. Men in some of the best of the civilised countries have grown a little less quarrelsome during the last generation or two. They do not shoot each other on quite such small provocation as they did in former days, and there are many so far advanced in civilisation that they would follow the example of the late Mr. Cobden, and treat the man as a lunatic who should so far forget the genius of the times in which he lives as to send out a challenge to mortal combat. Except in Great Britain we see none of this improvement in the attitude of one nation towards another. Disputes on points as paltry and foolish as those upon which kingdoms spilt their blood and treasure hundreds and thousands of years ago arise now every few months, sometimes leading to war, while at others they bring people to the very verge of hostilities from which they are only restrained by virtue of mediation, which is something more than moral. If these phenomena were confined to countries standing only in the second rank in point of intelligence and enlightenment, the spectacle would not be quite so lamentable; but, when we see a Government like that of the United States—a country that professes to lead the van in all the principles and sentiments which should render the present and the future superior to the past—when we see such a government falling directly into the mischievous old track that has led to such immeasureable misery in the world we may be pardoned for almost despairing of the real advancement of our race. Thousands upon thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic have been crying out for nearly six months in loud condemnation of the French Imperial Government, for going to war with Germany because the King of Prussia would not say he would forbid Prince Leopold at any future time from becoming a candidate for the throne of Spain; but that unfortunate error of an excited Ministry and an irresolute Sovereign would be perfectly venial in comparison with the conduct of the Government of the United States if it should insist upon going to war with England on the question of the Alabama claims. Yet that is what the message of President Grant on this subject amounts to. The United States sends in a bill to this country which we know is not a just demand, but we are perfectly willing to submit the matter to arbitration. America, after trifling with the proposal, absolutely and finally rejects the idea of arbitration of any sort, and its President, at this moment, while one great nation in Europe is steeped in blood and the attention of statesmen and diplomatists is engaged in the settlement of another disagreement, tells his countrymen that their Alabama bill shall be sent to us again, and we must pay it. Actually in the year 1870 the great American people reject arbitration in an international dispute, and insist upon submission, which of course means war. Independently of the interests of England or America in the quarrel we say this is most disheartening to those who hoped that the age was tending towards better things. The world had a right to expect a higher and nobler sense of the real interests of humanity in this age from the Anglo-Saxons of the States. An English Government that could commit itself to so glaring a piece of injustice and of unfaithfulness to the principles of progress and international moralty, would be hurled from its place by public indignation in a few hours.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

Our paper contains a large number, this week, of war pictures and sketches, which so fill the pages on which they appear as in most cases to leave no space for the explanatory matter and comment with which it is our custom to accompany our engravings, and we therefore briefly refer to them here in the gross. On page 322 is a scene in the Market Place at Orleans, showing the front of the fine old historic building called the Hotel de la Mairie, which was built in the year 1530, and was, for many generations, the residence of the Intendants of the province. In the early part of this century it had fallen very much into dilapidation, but something less than twenty years ago it was purchased by the city authorities and restored with admirable taste and judgment, at a heavy cost to the citizens. To Englishmen a certain peculiar interest attaches to that building, because, within its walls died Francis II. of France, the first husband of Mary Queen of Scots. The young King had repaired thither to assist at the meeting of the Estates. Suspecting that his death illness was upon him he thought to purchase recovery by a great act of piety. He sent a deputation of pilgrims to the Church of Notre Dame de Cléry with his vow, that if he ever recovered his health he would purge the kingdom of heretics. He died, and it was open to his friends to interpret his death as an indication that his vow was not accepted; but they did not take that view of the event, and the promise was fulfilled to the letter by his brother, Charles IX., at the instigation of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, who seems to have first suggested the idea to Francis. About twelve years after the death of this hopeful young King in the Mairie at Orleans, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred, which was, in fact, the deed indicated by King Francis's vow. In this Hotel de la Mairie there are magnificent apartments known as the Salon de Mariages and the Salle des Conseils; while in the Salle de Reception are grand silver chandeliers of the period of the Medicis. Round some of the rooms are the armorial bearings of the ancient échevins of the city, commencing from the 14th century, and their names are still those of families still residing in Orleans. It is well that General d'Aurelles de Paladine withdrew his troops from Orleans this week and saved the city from bombardment. No doubt he acted wisely. The place for a great army to await battle, or to make ready for a great struggle, is not within the walls of a largely-inhabited city. As a matter of strategy, Orleans is probably not worth defending.

The next scene on the same page is a representation of the surrounding neighbourhood of Sedan, from a sketch taken on the spot by Herr J. Loser. By examining the picture closely our readers will observe figures indicating certain points explained at the foot of the plate. The account of the battle by the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was written, it will be remembered, from notes taken on a height where were assembled the King of Prussia, the Count Von Bismarck, General Von Moltke, General Sheridan, &c. That hill is marked No. 21 in the foreground of our engraving. No. 8 is a little building with spires, almost hidded by trees; that is where Napoleon III. met King William on the 2nd of September, and resigned himself a prisoner. The line marked 20, near the horizon, shows how close the great battle was fought to the Belgian frontier. Of the two pictures on the opposite page the first represents the North German war yacht Grille attacked by two French ironclads. The Grille is small, but very swift, and she made off as fast as possible, replying, however, with spirit to the shots that were sent after her by her formidable pursuers. The chase lasted several hours, but the Grille proved in the end the fastest runner, and got clear away. There appears to be but this single episode in the dull naval history of the war. The sketch was taken by M. Bischoff. The engraving below that, on the same page, conveys an idea of the life the German soldiers have led in the campaign when they have not been fighting. Those are Bavarians, with their horses and baggage waggons, trying to make themselves at home—to be comfortable was impossible—in the village of Donchery during a drenching rain. The Germans carried no tents with them, they were too numerous to find shelter in the houses of those small villages, and were reduced to the doleful necessity of preparing their food in the open air, under those most untoward circumstances. It may be that the long continuance of the war, with its manifold discomforts as well as its horrors, will have the one good effect of rendering the German people exceedingly shy of encouraging their rulers in the making of any unnecessary war for a generation or two to come.

The two large engravings on the centre pages of this paper may be taken as companion pictures. The first pourtrays the spectacle to be seen in Sedan during the last hours of its occupation by the French troops. From Sedan to Versailles the road was direct. MacMahon's army was in captivity, and there was nothing to prevent the Germans from marching on to Paris. They took their time over it. Arriving only when they were in a position to invest the capital in force, they entered upon the possession of Versailles, and on the 5th of October King William of Prussia, in company with his son, the Crown Prince, Frederick William, arrived at the ancient suburb of Paris in the royal carriage, as depicted in our sketch, and took up his head-quarters in the grand old palace of Louis XIII. That was the natural consequence of the capitulation of Sedan. There is something of a contrast in the spirit of the two scenes.

THEATRICAL WIGS, WHISKERS, &c. — The Largest Stock in Town, for Sale or Hire. Private Wigs from 10s. to 100s. Hair Cutting, Brushing, and Shampooing, charge 6d. Immediate attendance. Respectful attention by first class Men from the best houses of London, Paris, and Berlin. The largest and best 6d. and 1s. bottle of Pomade in the trade; has had an immense sale for eighteen years. Choice Hair Washes, from 1s. 6d. Lime Cream, from 1s. Genuine and delightfully perfumed Lime Juice and Glycerine, from 1s. to 6s. A very large assortment of Hair, Tooth, Nail, Hat, and Cloth Brushes, by best makers, from 1s. Dressing Combs in *Tortoiseshell, Bone, Ivory, Horn,* and *Vulcanite,* from 6d. A splendid variety of fancy Back Combs, from 1s. to 50s. Large selection of Fans from 6d. to 60s., including the newest shapes and patterns. The largest stock of Toilet Requisites and Fancy Goods in the Midland Counties, selected from the best houses of Paris and London, at STEELE'S, HAIR CUTTER and ARTIST in HAIR, Opposite the Railway Station, New Street, Birmingham. [591

THE WAR.

The week will be memorable as that of the first great sortie of the Parisian troops. The attempt to break through the lines was not altogether unsuccessful. The French gained some slight advantage of position, and some sort of vantage for future operations, but the event was attended with dreadful slaughter on both sides, and, unfortunately for the French, the effort was not accompanied with such a corresponding movement on the part of the Army of the Loire as to render it an effective blow at the position of the enemy. The first German account of the great sortie ran thus:

> Yesterday (November 31), at 2 a.m. a great sortie was made from Paris, supported by heavy cannonading from all the forts, and the gunboats of the Seine against the Prussian and Wurtemburg front. The sortie was led by Generals Ducrot and Trochu at the head of 12,000 men. Until 11 a.m. they were successfully repulsed by the 6th Army Corps and the left wing of the Wurtembergers, which was vigorously attacked was reinforced in the afternoon by six battalions of infantry, two and a half squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries of flying artillery arriving from Villeneuve St. George. At 3 p.m. our positions were again severely attacked, but at 6 p.m. the French were everywhere repulsed. Owing to our fighting behind entrenchments our losses were comparatively small.

The following is Prince George's telegram to the King of Saxony.

> From noon till night yesterday the 24th Division, supported by artillery detachments of the Army Corps, and jointly with the Wurtemburg troops, sustained a serious but brilliant engagement near Noisy and Villiers. The French, who had penetrated between Brie and Villiers, have been driven back, leaving several hundred prisoners in our hands. According to their evidence we were opposed by 50,000 men. The Saxon losses, reported up to the present time, amount to 12 officers and 100 rank and file. The fresh sortie announced for to-day has not taken place."

This was the French account of Friday's date:

> On the morning of the 29th ult. the sortie, commenced on the right towards Choisy-le-Roi, L'Hay, and Chevilly, and the battle was continued on these points. During the night of the 29th to the 30th General Ducrot crossed the Marne on the left, and on the morning of the 30th successively occupied Meslay and Mont Meslay, and was engaged in a battle from Champigny-sur-Marne to Brie-sur-Marne, with his back to the Marne. The army then crossed the Marne by eight bridges, and maintained the positions taken, after capturing two guns. On the 30th Vice-Admiral de la Roncière le Noury advanced on Lonjumea, and carried the entrenched positions at Epinay. The attack on the south was to be made on the 1st of December, under the command of General Vinoy.

On Saturday the Wurtemburgers appear to have recovered something of the ground they lost at the sortie. The following was the telegram from Versailles of Saturday night:—

> The army of the enemy, after the battle of the 30th ult., occupied the villages of Brie and Champigny on the Marne, covered by the fire of the forts. At dawn to-day these villages were taken by our troops. At about ten o'clock the enemy again advanced with superior forces against our position of defence between the Seine and the Marne, but after a hot fight, lasting eight hours, he was victoriously repulsed by the troops of the 12th and 2nd Army Corps and the Wurtemburgers.

The report to the King of Wurtemburg of this recovery of position, of Sunday's date, ran thus:

> Yesterday morning we attacked the position of the enemy between Champigny and Brie. The forces opposed to us were very considerable. The 1st Wurtemburg Brigade, the 2nd Prussian Army Corps, and the 24th Saxon Division were engaged from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. A part of Champigny was captured; the position between Villiers and Coeuilly has been maintained. Both officers and men distinguished themselves by remarkable intrepidity. Our losses are considerable. The 2nd and 3rd Brigades occupied the positions of Sucy, Villeneuve, and St. George, but were not engaged.

Prince George telegraphed to the King of Saxony on Sunday, as follows:—

> On Friday morning, at half-past seven, two battalions of the 8th Infantry Regiment took Brie-sur-Marne. The Wurtemburg troops at the same time took Champigny by surprise. Later in the day, the enemy brought large masses of troops into the field. The combat ended towards three p.m., by our maintaining the captured positions. We incurred considerable losses; the Rifles and 8th Regiment suffered heavily. These troops, as well as others, fought admirably. Several hundred prisoners were made.

It was in the events which followed the sortie that the greatest loss of life occurred. A telegram from General Obernitz says that the loss of the Wurtembergers on the 2nd of December, in dead and wounded, was 30 officers, 18 cadets, and 800 rank and file. Prince George telegraphs to the King of Saxony as follows:—"The enemy retired yesterday (Sunday) behind the Marne, evacuating Brie and Champigny. Further offensive movements on the part of the besieged army are improbable. Our total loss foom the 30th ult. to the 2nd inst. amounts to 76 officers and 2,100 rank and file."

General Trochu reports by balloon post as follows from the heights between Champigny and Villiers, under date of the 2nd inst., 1-45 p.m.:—

> The Prussians, with enormous forces, attacked the French position at daybreak to-day. The fighting has lasted more than seven hours, and, at the moment of sending off this report, the enemy is giving way along the whole line, and once more abandoning the heights. I have ridden along the line of skirmishers from Champigny to Brie, and have been received with enthusiastic cheers by the troops. I expect that the enemy will return to the attack, and that the battle will last all day.

General Trochu's next report is dated Nogent, December 2, 5-30 p.m.

> The second great battle which I expected has been much more decisive than its predecessor. The enemy attacked us at the *reveille* with fresh troops and reserves. We have fought three hours to maintain our position, and five hours to carry the position of the enemy, where we bivouac for the night.

The fighting on the Loire began somewhat favourably for the French, but ended badly. The following is the official report from Tours on Friday:—

> The army of the Loire commenced yesterday a general movement, concerted on the evening of the 30th ult., in consequence of instructions received from the Ministry of War. The first operations in pursuance of this plan have been favourable. A despatch of General Chauzy, Commander of the 16th Corps, dated Patay, 1st December, evening, says:—The 16th Corps left its position at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst., and met the enemy on the left strongly entrenched at Guillonville, Terminiers, and Goniers. The fight lasted from noon unlil six p m. Notwithstanding the energetic resistance of the enemy, comprising 20,000 infantry and cavalry, and from forty to fifty guns, the first division carried successively the first positions of the enemy, and afterwards Monneville, Villepain, and Faverolles, where we bivouacked at night. Everywhere our troops attacked the enemy with irresistible élan. The Prussians were dislodged from the villages at the point of the bayonet. Our artillery was handled with a boldness and precision which I cannot praise too highly.

Our losses do not seem to have been serious. Those of the enemy were considerable. Prisoners are being brought in, among whom are several officers. The honours of the day belong to Admiral Jaureguiberry. The enemy retired in the direction of Loigny and Château Cambray. I have announced to my soldiers the great news of the sortie from Paris."

Those were the events of Thursday. What occurred on Friday is thus reported on by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg:—

At eight o'clock this morning, our troops having advanced, a battle commenced in the direction of Bazoches les Hautes. At 9.30 the enemy, after a heavy fight with the 17th Infantry Division, followed by the 1st Bavarian Army Corps, and supported by the 4th Cavalry Division, was driven beyond Loigny. The 22d Infantry Division supported by the 2d Cavalry Division, took Poupry by storm. The enemy was driven back to Artenay. The 16th French Army Corps was beaten near Loigny, and the 15th near Artenay. Many hundred prisoners and eleven guns were taken. The loss of the enemy is considerable. Our loss cannot yet be estimated, but is much smaller.

The French admit the reverse of Friday. The following is from Tours, of Monday's date:—

Details of the fighting on the 2nd state that the Prussians recaptured on that day five positions taken on the previous day by the French. These positions were the villages of Terrminiers, Giullonville, Nonneville, Villepain, and Ruan. The Prussians concentrated their principal effort on Ruan, in order to gain the position of the railway. General de Sonnes commanded the French force in this direction, and General Chauzy commanded at Patay. It is reported that heavy fighting took place yesterday, in which the Pontifical Zouaves suffered severely, losing three quarters of the battalion engaged, and Colonel de Charrette is stated to be badly wounded.

These events had a serious result. General d'Aurelles de Paladine arrived at the conclusion that he should best serve the interests of his cause by evacuating Orleans on the threat of its bombardment. The Government at Tours appears to have been of an opposite opinion.

During the night from Saturday to Sunday, the General telegraphed that it was necessary to evacuate Orleans, and effect a retreat to the left bank of the river. He, however, had still at his disposal an army of 200,000 men, with more than 500 cannons, entrenched in a fortified camp, protected by naval artillery. The Government telegraphed that in their opinion Orleans ought not, under those circumstances, to be abandoned, but General d'Aurelles de Paladine, notwithstanding, persisted in his plan of a retrograde movement, alleging that his presence on the spot enabled him to be a better judge than any one else of the real condition of things. On this the Government yielded the point, but General Paladine made yet another effort to see if the city might not be defended, and M. Gambetta eagerly assented and went off in the direction of Orleans to see that this was done. He was, however, prevented from reaching the city, and when he returned to Tours he found the following despatches awaiting him:

I have since received another telegram from General d'Aurelle de Paladine, saying that up to the last moment he had hoped to be able to avoid the evacuation of Orleans. All his efforts were, however, powerless, and the town would be evacuated that night.—FREYCINET

Orleans, December 5, 12-5 a.m.—The enemy demanded the evacuation of Orleans at 11-30 at night, threatening to bombard the town in case of non-compliance. As we were to have left at night I have accepted the conditions in the name of the General Commanding-in-Chief. The naval batteries have been spiked and the powder and war-material destroyed.

Orleans, December 5, 3 a.m.—The Chief Secretary to the Minister of the Home Department.—The enemy took possession of Orleans at midnight. The Prussians who have entered are said to be almost entirely without ammunition, and they have scarcely made any prisoners. Despatches from the officers commanding the different corps announce that the retreat has been carried out in good order, but there are no tidings from General d'Aurelle de Paladine, who has not sent any message to the Government.

There was intense excitement at Tours at the receipt of this discouraging news. A great crowd collected at the Prefecture to read the report which has been published. M. Gambetta, in trying to reach Orleans, it was announced, was prevented by the enemy, who took possession of the railway. The Uhlans fired at him, and he only escaped by a miracle. He returned at three o'clock in the morning, and received an encouraging despatch from Jaure-Guiberry and Chauzy. It was pointed out in the official notice that D'Aurelles de Paladine, in order to avoid a bombardment, had evacuated Orleans. There was some talk of trying him by court-martial.

The German accounts of the recapture of Orleans, arriving on Wednesday morning, with some details, do not quite accord with those from the French side. It does not appear to have been a great or orderly evacuation by the French troops, but rather the result of a struggle in which the French suffered severe losses. Here is a telegram from Versailles, dated Monday:—

A decisive battle was fought yesterday at Orleans. The city is now in the hands of the Germans, who have taken more than thirty guns and several thousand prisoners. The French army has retreated behind the Loire, and is closely pursued. The 8th Army Corps is victoriously advancing on Rouen. King William has accepted the title of Emperor of Germany.

Prince Frederick Charles occupied Orleans on the night of the 5th, after having advanced fighting for three days with continuous success, and having stormed the railway station and the suburbs. About 40 cannon and many thousand prisoners have up to the present fallen into our hands. The enemy is being constantly pursued. Our loss is proportionately moderate. The 8th Corps of the 1st Army was on the 4th inst. engaged in several successful fights to the north-east of Rouen, and took one cannon and 400 unwounded prisoner. Our loss was 1 killed and ten wounded.

At Tours a much more favourable account was given of the same event on Tuesday. M. Gambetta sent a despatch to the Prefects, in which he tells them to deny boldly the alarmist rumours respecting the condition of the army of the Loire which are being circulated by evil-disposed persons with a view to cause discouragement and demoralisation. He adds, "You will be strictly within the bounds of truth in affirming that the army now occupies excellent positions; that its war material is intact, or that the losses therein are repaired; and that it is preparing to resume the struggle with the invader. Let each one be firm and resolved; let us all make together a great and supreme effort, and France will be saved." The retreat of the army of the Loire was effected without any other sacrifice than the heavy naval guns of the entrenched camp before Orleans, which were left spiked. No portion of the field artillery or military train was abandoned.

The battles in which the army of the Loire was engaged are thus reported on at Tours:—

Prince Frederick Charles attacked the 15th Corps, under General Pallières, and the 20th Corps, under General Crouzat, towards Pithiviers on the 3rd. The engagement resulted in the repulse of the French right wing on Chilleurs. The Prussians subsequently obtained possession of the forest of Orleans. The 18th French Corps retreated towards Sully, where they crossed the Loire at Jargeau; and General Pallières retreated on Orleans, and subsequently crossed the Loire. The remaining corps took other directions. There was no general action. The French corps engaged were attacked in detail.

The recent event, in which the soldiers under the orders of Garibaldi were engaged, prove that his Mobiles are worse than useless in the field. They were so terror-stricken that some threw themselves flat on the ground, while others leaped into the ditches by the sides of the road, wounding one another with their bayonets in the confusion. Subsequently they jumped up and fired without orders, their volley being received by the better troops, their comrades, in front, causing them to believe the enemy was in the rear, and leading to their retreat, the Mobiles themselves flying in the most disgraceful manner. The so-called army of the West, against which the Duke of Mecklenburg was operating a fortnight ago, was composed of the most wretched materials. Prisoners surrendered themselves in batches with the greatest facility; whole regiments fled at the first fire of the enemy, and threw away their Chassepots.

The King of Prussia sent the following telegram to Queen Augusta on Tuesday:—"More than 10,000 prisoners, 77 cannons, and 4 gunboats were captured at Orleans. General Treskow stormed the villages Gidy, Janvry, and Pruns, and the railway station, which had been fortified. General Manteuffel, with the 8th Corps, has occupied Rouen to-day."

The pursuit of the Army of the Loire was on Wednesday being continued by the Germans beyond Orleans. Besides the seventy-seven field-guns already announced as having fallen into the hands of the Germans, four gunboats were captured, carrying 24-pounders.

A despatch received from the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, states that the losses of the army under his command in the battles from the 2nd to the 4th inst. were 3,200 men. The enemy lost 2,000 men killed and 14,000 prisoners.

The Bavarian Army Corps of General von der Tann was engaged as follows in the different fights against the French Army of the Loire:—On the 1st inst., in the afternoon, an attack by the enemy was sustained near Nonneville and Château Villepain, the line extending from Patay to Orgères. On the 2nd, a victorious engagement was fought near Beauvillers Farm and Château Coury, the Bavarian troops advancing as far as Logny and Lumeau. On the 3rd, a slight engagement took place near Logny, the line advancing as far as the forest of Orleans. On the 4th, a great and victorious battle was fought in front of Orleans, the Bavarian Army Corps taking a prominent part in the same, and entering the town at midnight. On the latter day six guns and 2,000 prisoners were captured by the Bavarians. The total loss of the latter during the four days' fighting amounted to 133 officers and about 3,000 rank and file.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

It was not until the 1st of December that the reply of Prince Gortschakoff to Lord Granville's despatch was made public. It was telegraphed from St. Petersburg, and appeared in the English papers on Friday. The following is a full translation:—

Monsier le Baron,—The Ambassador of England has read and left with me a copy of Lord Granville's reply to our communication of October 19th. I hastened to submit it to his Majesty the Emperor. Our august master was pleased to point out that it contained, in the first place, an expression of the earnest desire of the Cabinet of London to preserve cordial relations between England and Russia; and, secondly, an assurance that the Cabinet would not have refused to enter into an examination of the results of the Treaty of 1856, so far as they had been modified by circumstances. As for the question of strict right stated by Lord Granville, we have no wish to enter into any discussion, recall any precedent, cite any example. Such a controversy would in no way promote the good understanding which we desire. Our august Master had to discharge an imperious duty to his own country, without wishing to injure in any way the Governments which were signitaries of the Treaty of 1856. On the contrary, his Imperial Majesty appeals to their sense of justice, and to their regard for their own dignity. We regret to see that Lord Granville addresses himself principally to the form of our communications. The form was not our choice. We could have asked nothing better, surely than to attain our end by an agreement with the signitaries of the Treaty of 1856. But the principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty well knows that the attempts made at different times to assemble the Powers in a general Conference with a view to remove the causes of difficulty which disturbed the general peace have invariably failed. The prolongation of the present crisis, and the absence of a regular Government in France, postpone still further the possibility of such an agreement. Meanwhile, the position in which the treaty left Russia has become more and more intolerable. Lord Granville will agree that the Europe of to-day is very far from being the Europe which signed the Treaty of 1856. It was impossible that Russia should agree to remain the only power bound indefinitely by an arrangement which, onerous as it was at the time when it was concluded, becomes daily weaker in its guarantees. Our august master has too deep a sense of what he owes to his country to force it to submit any longer to an obligation against which the national sentiment protests. We cannot admit that the abrogation of a purely theoretical principle to which no immediate effect is given, and which simply restores to Russia a right of which no great Power could consent to be deprived, should be considered as a menace to peace; or that in annulling one point of the Treaty of 1856, there is any implication that all are annulled. The Imperial Cabinet never had any such intention. On the contrary, our communication of October 19 declares, in the most explicit terms, that his Majesty the Emperor fully maintains his adhesion to the general principles of the Treaty of 1856, and that he is ready to come to an agreement with the signatory Powers of that Treaty, either to confirm its general stipulations, or to renew them, or to substitute for them any other equitable arrangement which may be thought suitable to secure the repose of the East and the equilibrium of Europe. There seems, then, to be no reason why the Cabinet of London should not, if it please, enter into an explanation with the signatories of the Treaty of 1856. For our part, we are ready to join in any deliberation having for its object the settlement of guarantees for the consolidation of peace in the East. We are persuaded that fresh guarantees would be found in the removal of a permanent cause of irritation between the two Powers the most directly interested. Their mutual relations would be more firmly established on the basis of a good and solid understanding. You are desired, M. le Baron, to read this despatch to Lord Granville, and leave a copy of it with him. The Principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty has expressed to us his regret that he would feel if this discussion should disturb the harmony which the Government of her Majesty the Queen has striven to maintain between the two conntries. Be good enough to express to his Excellency how entirely his regret would be shared by the Imperial Cabinet. We believe that a good understanding between the two Governments is exceedingly advantageous to the two countries as well as to the peace of the world. It is with lively satisfaction that we have seen our relations during late years grow more and more close and cordial. The grave circumstances in which we find ourselves at this moment seem to us to make this more desirable than ever. (Signed, Gortschakoff.

On Sunday evening Lord Granville issued to the press the following rejoinder, the result of the deliberations of her Majesty's Ministers in two Cabinet Councils:—

Sir,—The Russian Ambassador has read and given to me a copy of a despatch of Prince Gortschakoff of the date of 8 20, November. It is not necessary for her Majesty's Government to recur to the important question of international law raised by the circular of Prince Gortschakoff, as they have nothing to add to the declaration on that subject which they have already made. His Excellency has been good enough to appeal to my knowledge of facts which, his Excellency states, prevented that consultation and agreement with other parties to the treaty which Russia would have preferred. I am aware that suggestions for a Congress to settle other European questions have been made and not adopted. It has also been stated to me that intimations have been given to some of my predecessors that in the case of certain contingencies, which, however, have never occurred, such as the possession of the Principalities by Austria, Russia would feel bound to call in question some of the provisions of the Treaty of 1856. But I am ignorant of any occasion on which Russia, the party most interested, has proposed in any way to this country that a relaxation of the Treaty should be taken into consideration. I cannot, therefore, admit that the Imperial Government can justify this proceeding by the failure of efforts which have never been made. The courteous language in which Prince Gortschakoff's despatch is written, his assurance of the manner in which he would have preferred to open this question, and his declaration of the strong desire for a confirmation of good relations between the two nations, particularly important at this time, encourage Her Majesty's Government to the belief that the obstacles to such relations will be removed. They observe that his Excellency describes the declaration which has been made by Russia as an abrogation of a theoretical principle without immediate application. If these words are to be construed into an announcement that Russia has formed and stated her own opinion of her rights, but has no intention of acting in conformity with it without due concert with the other Powers, they go far to close the controversy in which the two Governments have been engaged. Her Majesty's Government have no objection to accept the invitation which has been made by Prussia to a Conference, upon the understanding that it is assembled without any foregone conclusion as to its results. In such case Her Majesty's Government will be glad to consider, with perfect fairness, and the respect due to a great and friendly Power, any proposals which Russia may have to make. You will read and give a copy of this despatch to Prince Gortschakoff. I am, &c., (Signed) Granville."

The following pacific note is from St. Petersburg, of Monday's date:—the Government has forbidden the national subscription for the Black Sea Fleet, on the ground that such subscription would not be for a purpose allowed by law, and that in time of peace the naval and military forces of the Empire require no outlay which the Imperial Exchequer does not supply.

As the week wore it became almost certain that the Conference would be agreed upon. The *Official Journal* of Tuesday, publishes the answers of Prince Gortschakoff to Count Beust's notes. In a leading article it expresses the hope that the Conference will be successful, and assures the world once more of the peaceful disposition of Russia. The *Golos* defends the opportuneness of the Gortschakoff circular, and says that Russia has no object in re-opening the Eastern question, or in hastening the end of the Sick Man. It is more profitable for her to wait. The *St. Petersburg Gazette* praises the Government for avoiding bloodshed by straightforward and honest declarations. It goes further than Mill, and says it is better to have no treaties at all than those which are the result of war. Only those which are the results of peace can last. The Portes has agreed to the proposal for a Conference presented by the Prussian Minister, on condition that the only questions to be discussed shall be those raised by the note of Prince Gortschakoff.

The French Government has unconditionally accepted the proposal for a conference on the Black Sea question.

From Berlin on Wednesday came the following telegram:—"The meeting of the Black Sea Conference is secured on all sides. The definite invitations are to proceed from the British Government."

The Empire of Germany.—There cannot be a question now that King William will be crowned Emperor of All Germany except that part under the dominion of Austria. The King of Bavaria has addressed to the King of Saxony the following letter in reference to the Imperial Crown:—"Most Serene and Powerful Prince! Dear Friend, Brother, and Cousin!—Victoriously led by Prussia's heroic King, the German races who for centuries have been united in language, manners, science, and art, now celebrate a brotherhood of arms, which gives a glorious proof of the power of a united Germany. Animated with a desire to co-operate with them in their endeavours to effect this unity of Germany, I have not delayed entering into negotiations calculated to bring about this result with the Chancellor of the North German Confederation at Versailles. I now address myself to the German Princes, and especially to your Majesty, to propose that you should, together with me, urge upon his Majesty the King of Prussia that the exercise of the Presidential rights should be united with the title of Emperor. It is for me a sublime thought that I can feel myself called upon both by my position in Germany and by the history of my country, to take the first step towards crowning the work of German unity, and I entertain the joyful hope that your Royal Majesty will accord to me your friendly assent. While I thus have the pleasure of asking your Royal Majesty, as well as the other Confederate Princes and free towns for their opinion,—I am, with the assurance of my highest consideration and friendship, your Royal Majesty's friendly brother and cousin, LUDWIG."

"More than a year ago, one of my children was attacked with bronchitis, and after a long illness was given up by the physicians as *past cure*. But one of your agents induced me to try your Pain Killer, and leave off all other medicines, which I did; and, from the time I commenced to use it, the child rapidly grew better, and is now strong and healthy. JOHN WINSTANLEY, 10, *Whittle St., Liverpool, Jan.* 2, 1869.—To Perry Davis & Son."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Professor Huxley has been requested by the Liverpool Corporation to nominate a gentleman to inquire into the causes of the present unhealtiness of the town.

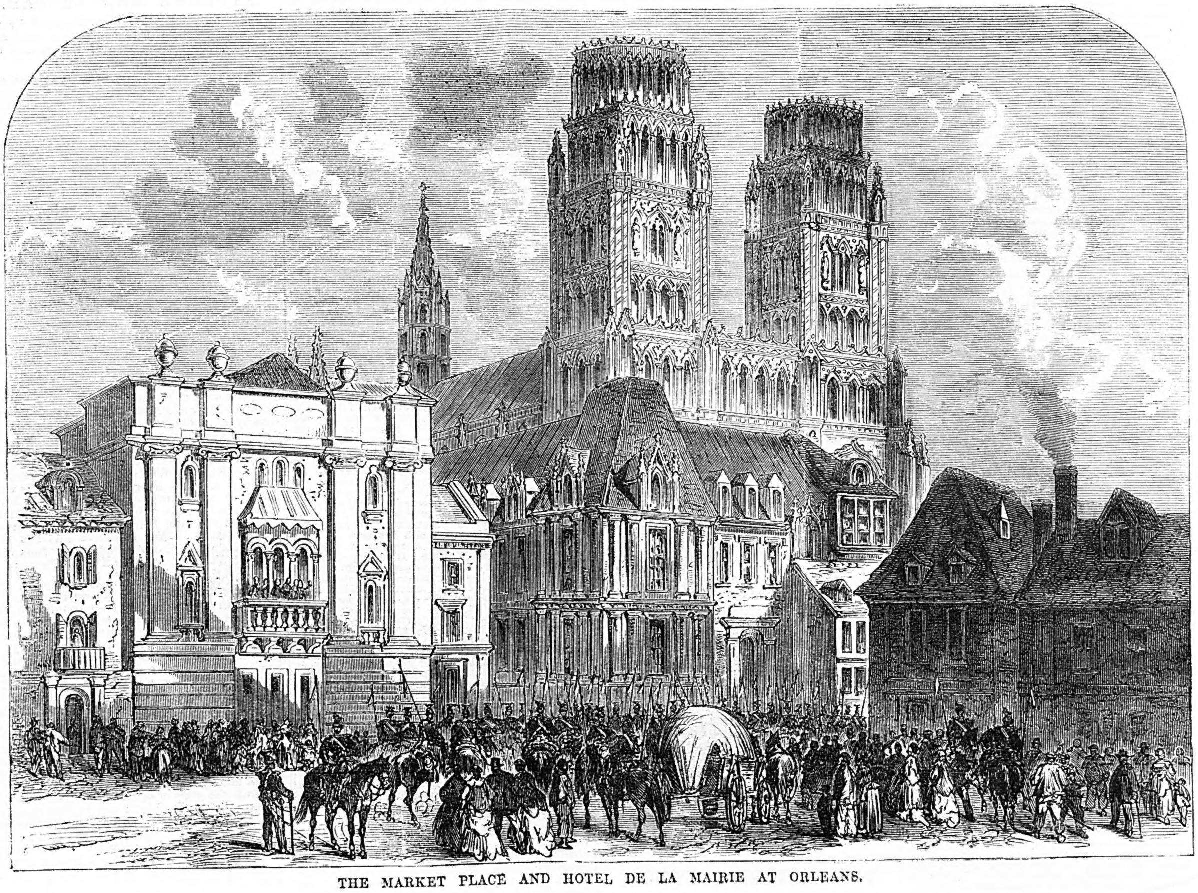
Rewards and punishments in the Army.—A War-office circular has been received at Woolwich notifying that Mr. Cardwell has decided that the general fund which has been formed from the fines inflicted on soldiers for drunkeness shall be appropriated to the purpose of granting gratuities to well-conducted soldiers on their discharge from the army under the following rules: From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1871, every soldier below the rank of corporal who shall be discharged during his first period of service (if not from misconduct) shall be paid at the rate of 10s for every good conduct badge; and every soldier discharged during the second period of service, £1 for every good conduct badge—the sum thus granted to be limited to £5.

The Unity of Germany.—In Monday's sitting of the North German Parliament a general debate on the different Constitutional Treaties took place. Her von Delbruck pointed out that the essentially defensive character of the new Confederation should be fully made clear to the world. The Minister further announced that Prince Luitpold, of Bavaria, the day before yesterday had presented to the King of Prussa at Versailles, a letter from the King of Bavaria, in which the latter invites the King of Prussia to assume the title and dignity of Emperor. The Princes already at Versailles had assented to this proposition; the assent of the other German Princes was expected. From Stuttgardt it was announced on Monday that the King of Wurtemburg had assented to the proposal of the King of Bavaria, jointly with the other German princes, to submit to the King of Prussia that the title of Emperor should be combined with the Presidency of the German Confederation. An aide-de-camp left for Versailles with an autograph letter from the King of Wurtemburg to the King of Prussia.

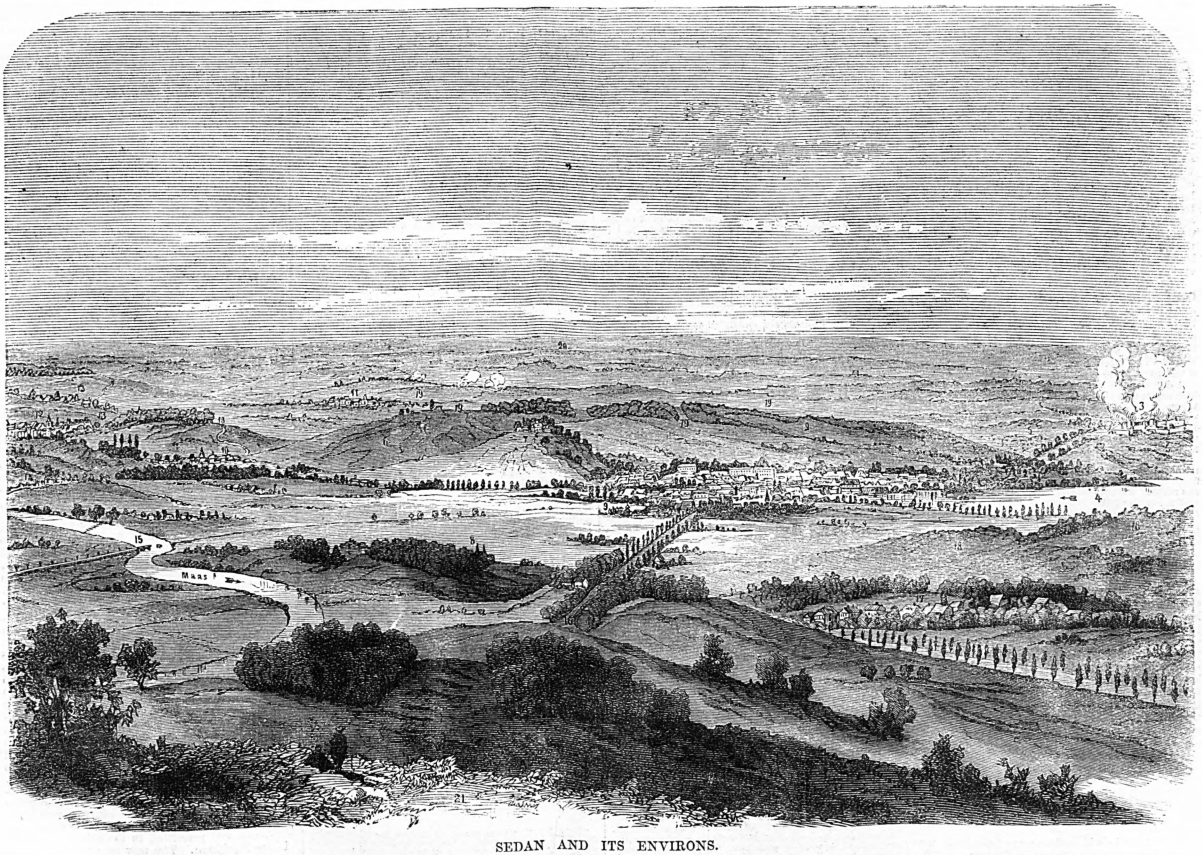
The Crown of Spain.—In accepting the Crown of Spain the Duke d'Aosta delivered a speech, in which he said:—"Faithful to the traditions of my ancestors, and though I do not ignore the difficulties of my new position and the responsibility to be assumed before history, I place my confidence in God and in the Spanish people, which has given proof that it knows how to unite respect for the law with liberty. To make myself worthy of my election I have but to follow loyally the example of the constitutional traditions in which I have been brought up. A soldier in the army, I shall at the same time be the first citizen to the representatives of the nation. I know not whether I shall have the good fortune to shed my blood for my new country, and of adding a new page to those which already celebrate the glory of Spain; but, in any case, I am sure that the Spaniards will be able to say of the King whom they have elected—'His honesty could rise above the struggles of parties, and he had no other object but the peace and prosperity of the nation.'" The Duke d'Aosta's speech was received with loud cries of "Long live the King of Spain!"

Adoption of the Mitrailleuse in the British Army.—The mitrailleuse is no longer an experimental weapon in the British army, the War Department having ordered sixty batteries of the small Gatling gun to be supplied as a weapon of the service. The Gatling mitrailleuse thus adopted has a bore of 0·42 inch, and weighs 3 cwt. 2 qrs. 12lbs., the weight of the gun carraige being 4 cwt. 3 qrs. 7lbs. The lead bullet weighs 380 grains, and the charge of powder 80 grains Each battery, so far as the trials at the ranges at Plumstead Marshes and Shoeburyness have gone, will have a hitting, wound and killing power amongst broken infantry on uneven ground, at ranges from 200 yards to 1,000 yards, of 900 a minute; but in close column of infantry a battery would shoot 1,200 men a minute. In adopting this new weapon into the service it has been found that no class of gun can meet all requirements. Within ordinary rifle range, or up to 1,400 yards, the small Gatling was found more effective than field-guns; but with longer ranges the field-guns had the best of it. The new gun possesses a maximum of destructive power, with a minimum of weight and size, is easy to manœuvre, and can be fired with accuracy of aim, without recoil, thousands of times. The 300 or 400 mitrailleuse just ordered will be manufactured at colt's Armoury, Hartford, United States. As they arrive in England they will be brought to Woolwich, and will form a new and special branch of the Royal Artillery, these batteries being distinct from those of the field-guns.

The Westminster Play.—The Westminster Play, it has been annouced, is to be suspended, for this year. No similar break in the annual celebration of the Latin Comedy in the dormitory of St. Peter's College has occurred since 1847. As far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth "the Latin play enacted by the scholars of Westminster" was a regular institution—the remnant, unquestionably, as was the Eton Montem, of the dramatic performances with which in mediæval times the religious feasts and festivals of the Church were observed, and which were conceived in the same spirit as the miracle plays themselves. The Westminster exhibition, however, had also from the first a distinctly educational purpose. The famous Dean Nowell, when second head-master of Westminster, was, according to Strype, the first to introduce into the school "the reading of Terence for the better learning of the pure Roman style." The letters of the Westminsters from the time of Atterbury teem with allusions to the play. On one or two occasions some English drama has been acted in addition to the production of the Latin playwright; for instance, in 1695, Dryden's *Cleomenes* was performed. As regards the costume of the actors it was only in 1839 that the attempt was made to reproduce the dresses of the Roman Forum, and the attempt is due to the attention drawn to the question of correctness in this respect by Dr. Williamson, the head-master, in a pamphlet entitled *Eunuchus Palliatus*. The earliest regular scenery was arranged by Garrick, who was himself a frequent spectator of the Westminster Play, and was presented to the school by Archbishop Markham. The new scenery with which the Westminster playgoers of the last few years are familiar was by Mr. C. R. Cockerell, himself a former Westminster boy.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

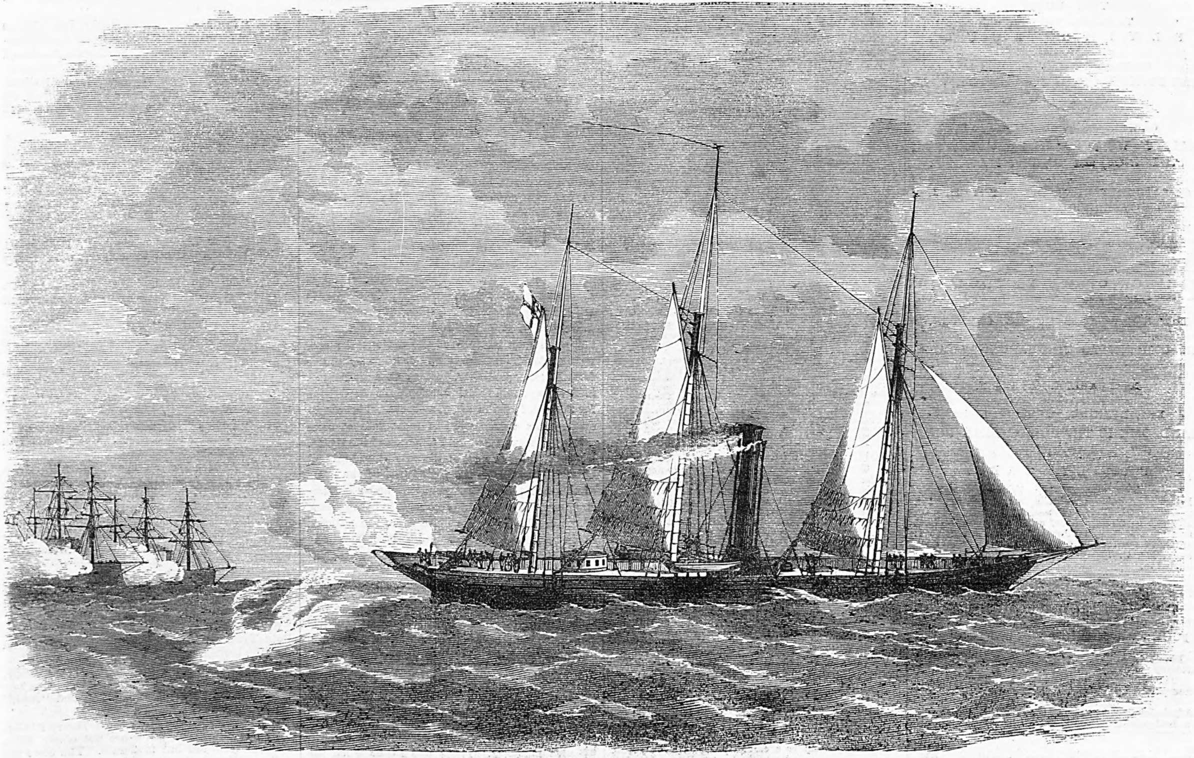


THE MARKET PLACE AND HOTEL DE LA MAIRIE AT ORLEANS.



SEDAN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

1. Sedan. 2. Balan. 3. Bazeille. 4. River Meuse, dammed up. 5. The heights which were stormed by Bavarians. 6. The heights carried by Prussian soldiers. 7. Buildings made ready for the French ambulance. 8. The place of meeting of Napoleon and King William. 9. Railway Station. 10. Floing. 11. Illy. 12. Iges. 13. St. Menges. 14. Billet. 15. Broken Railway Bridge. 16. Road to Donchery and Paris. 17. Frenois. 18. Heights on which German Artillery was placed. 19. French Artillery. 20. Belgian Frontier, 21. Station of King William and Ministers and Staff during the Battle.



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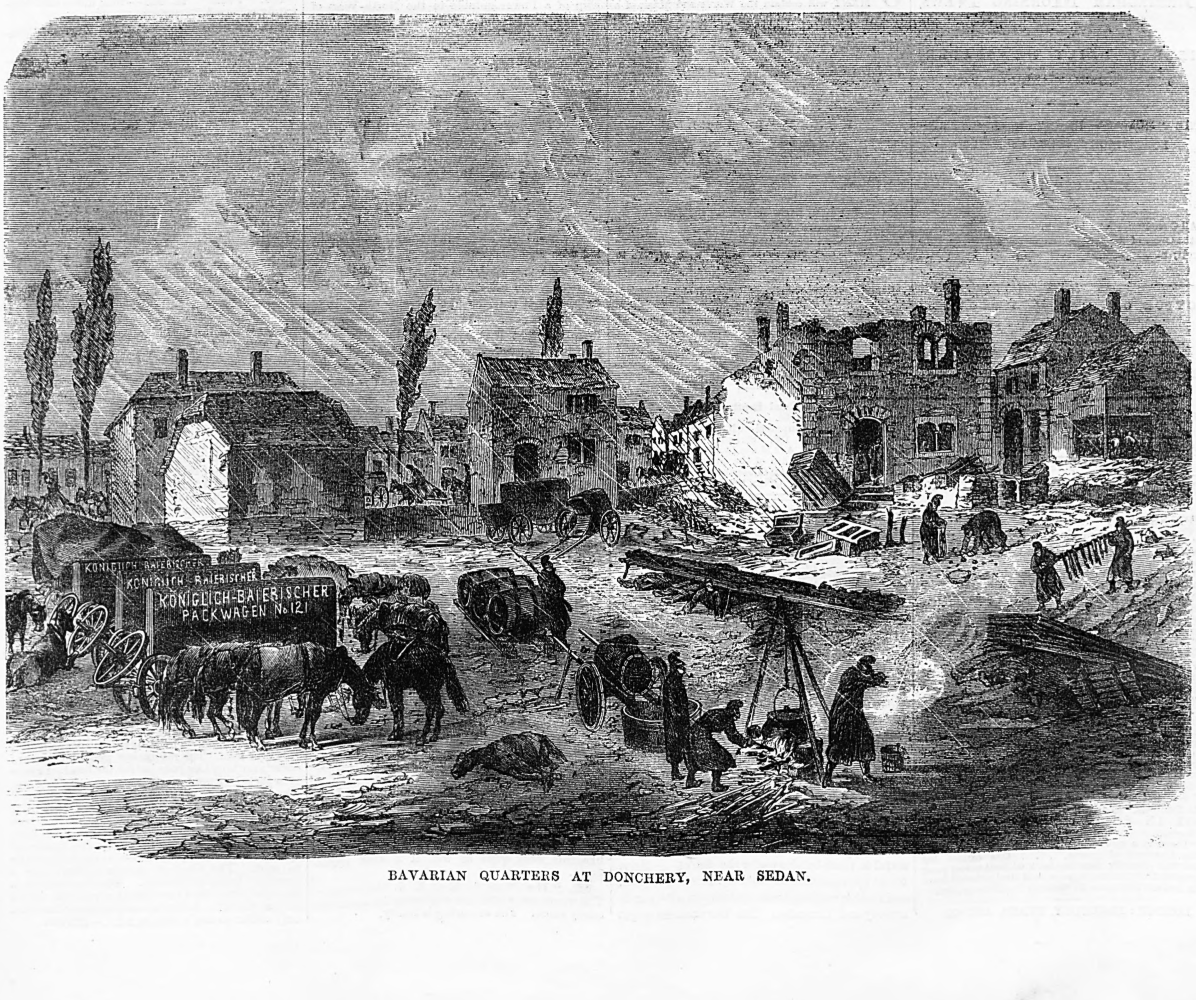
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The Illustrated MIDLAND NEWS
BIRMINGHAM, DEC. 10, 1870.

Now that the lamentable history of the sortie from Paris is all before us, we are assured that had General Ducrot been well supported by men from the enormous resources of the capital, and pushed on more vigorously, regardless of loss, he might have completely broken the lines, captured the German stores, and compelled the enemy to raise the siege. This is the comment upon the recent movements which comes from those who looked on at the sortie from the point of view of the German head-quarters, and who are acquainted with all the strength and all the weak places of the investment. If this be so the victory ought to have been achieved. The loss of life is perfectly awful in these battles under the fire of artillery, but at the same time the case of Paris is desperate, and there is nothing to choose between a desperate remedy and surrender. The Government might as well have made peace three months ago if they were to count the cost of resistance. Further information, however, may show that the Parisian troops, who appear to have fought bravely, did all they could under the circumstances. It is to be feared that their best chance of breaking through is past.

The French Government at Tours appears to be falling into the same ministerial blunders as those by which the army of MacMahon was destroyed. M. Gambetta, a young lawyer, knowing nothing whatever of military matters, cannot persuade himself to trust the campaign to experienced commanders. He must mischievously meddle with the movements of the only General who has shown any aptitude for handling the inexperienced French forces since the first of September. It was the opinion of General d'Aurelles de Paladine that Orleans should be given up. The exciteable Gambetta and his associates, thinking more of the elevation or depression of public feeling than of the real and permanent interests of the national defence, were all for defending Orleans, and issued orders from Tours accordingly, just as General Palikao insisted upon Marshal MacMahon's expedition for the relief of the army at Metz. The consequence was a succession of messagaes at cross purposes between General Paladine and Gambetta, hesitation and change of purpose at and around Orleans, and finally the withdrawal of the army of the Loire from that position, under circumstances so unfavourable as to result in heavy losses. There is absolutely no chance for the national defence, unless the campaign is left wholly to the direction of an able and experienced commander.

At last there will be a German Empire, with its head-quarters at Berlin. Not for nothing has the Count Von Bismarck intrigued and schemed and made war in Europe for nearly a quarter of a century. Not for nothing has he over-ruled the designs of two Kings of Prussia, defied his countrymen and their representatives, and bent the will of Kings, Princes, Grand Dukes, Electors, and the millions of the German peoples to his own purposes. There was a time when the German Empire was Austrian: now it is Prussian. The end has been effected at a terrible cost to Germany and to Europe; it remains to be seen how the Teutonic peoples will prosper under a leadership which is not more purely German than was that of Austria—the leadership of a Power notable in the North-West of Europe for its exercise of Absolute authority and its disregard of public opinion.

We can make no comment on the question of the responsibility of individuals with respect to the late terrible explosion at Witton while it is still under investigation; but the evidence, so far, has suggested a means of limiting the consequences of these disasters, which cannot be ventilated too soon. It appears that all the poor creatures killed or injured suffered in those parts of the body only which were unprotected by clothes. Faces and hands were scorched, and in some cases, burnt almost to cinders. Girls working with bare arms were injured just as far as the arms were uncoverd, and there, as if marked off by a line, the affection stopped. Some of the dresses, it is true, caught fire, but the burning was in most cases easily extinguished. It seems, therefore, that if every part of the body were protected by a covering, say of felt, an explosion would do very little mischief to those who are employed in the work. A hood over the head, a sleeve covering, mittens on the hands, &c., would be enough to enable them to escape harmless. It is expected that some such conclusion as this will be one of the results of the inquiry.

THE ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

[Fifthteenth Notice.]

626. "A Limerick Lass." J. A. Jones, R.H.A.—A real Irish girl, with arms that are, we think, a little too large. There is not sufficient meaning in the expression of countenance.

627. "Fruit." Emma Walter.—Notwithstanding the great number of fruit subjects in the Exhibition this is unlike any of the rest. Besides a bunch of neatly painted grapes there are some filberts in the husk, which are very cleverly rendered.

628. "A Surrey Landscape." F. Williamson.—The sheep are not well grouped, but they are well treated. The landscape is not successful.

629. "On the Old Holyhead Road." J. Syer.—The clouds and mountains are effective. The water in the foreground is good. The figures are bad.

630.—"Holywell-street and Wych-street, London." Louise Rayner.—The characters are not brought out distinctly enough. It is too heavy in colour.

631. "Sutton Park." A. F. Perrin.—We should like this work quite as well if it were upside down.

632. "The Shore." Miss E. J. Robinson.—The waves are a little too boisterous for a smooth sandy shore. The colouring is faulty.

633. "Haymaking." T. Waite.—The figures are bad. The hay is not like hay.

634. "Arundel Castle." C. Pyne.—Dirty in colour and not attractive.

635. "Partridges." James Hardy, Jun.—There is only one partridge, and that is not a good one.

636. "Old Farm House, Seathwaite."—A bad subject badly carried out.

637. "Bridge-street, Chester." Louise Rayner.—This street has often served as a subject for artists. The houses are truthfully drawn, and there are variety and life in the street figures.

638. "The Broken Necklace." Joseph Bouvier.—An insipid and affected female who has broken her necklace. The expression of her face is meaningless. It is not a pleasing picture.

639. "Summer-time on the Cumberland Fells." T. Collier.—Cold, flat, and dead. The distance is well managed, but there is nothing to show that it is summer-time.

640. "Near Llanbrynmair." P. Deakin.—A clever picture. Good in colour, with nicely painted trees.

641. "On the Lledr." C. Pyne.—An admirable work. The water and rocks are brought out in a very effective manner.

642. "The Thames." J. E. Croft.—It is hung too high for us to pass an opinion on its merits.

643. "Nina." G. Swift.—Wants expression and life.

644. "Rhaidwr Mawr, North Wales." R. Greene.—A waterfall, with solid water.

645. "Ledbury, Herefordshire." Allen E. Everett. Rather too distinct. Composition and perspective good.

646. "A Meadow on the Machno." John Steeple.—The little bit of water and stones in the foreground is good, and the cattle are not badly done.

647. "Fortifications at St. Malo." George Wolfe.—Sunset on fleet waters. Not badly manipulated, but the work wants a little more vigour.

648. "On the Lledr, North Wales." Charles Pyne.—The rocks are well rendered, and that is a very good bit of water steadying itself after its rush through the little strait.

649. "Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire." E. de Poix-Tyrel.—The grass is not a good colour, and the ruin looks new-built.

650. "Gillie and Deerhound." James Hardy, Jun.—The hound has nature in him. The boy is too much of a lay figure. Endorsed "sold," at seven guineas.

651. "Cattle in the Meadows." Henry Birtles.—The meadow and water are not nicely done, and the trees are but moderate. The cows are rather better.

652. "Rue St. Remi, Dieppe." G. H. Browne.—There is some depth in it, but the artist has attempted to do too much with only a few careless touches.

653. "Lord Monteagle (1665)." W. H. Haines.—A rather moderate piece of work.

654. "Fruit." H. Gill.—Well done, and delicately coloured.

655. "Spring Flowers." Mrs. Harris.—Carefully and conscientiously painted.

656. "Coming over the Moors." J. Syer.—A rough sketch, with some breadth and feeling in it.

657. "A Memory." Miss E. Aston.—This is set down as "sold," at five guineas. It is an exquisite little painting in water-colours, apparently on ivory.

658. "Peel Castle." James Danby.—Rather stiff and hard.

659. "Moonlight." James Danby.—A very good little moonlight scene in oils.

660. "Buttercups and Daisies." C. J. Lewis.—The figures of lady and child not bad, but the meadow is poorly represented.

661. "Whitby, Yorkshire." Tom Pyne.—Moderate.

662. "Evening," U. J. Woolmer.—This is set down as "sold," and the price is fifteen guineas. It is a little crude, and wanting in character.

663. "Waiting for the Coach." W. H. Haines.—A very good study. The old lady sleeping in the waiting-room is a carefully executed figure.

664. "Solitude." R. G. Sweeting.—There is a pleasant warmth in the face of the girl reading in the shadow of summer foliage. The picture is pleasing.

This brings us to the end of our critical labours, extending over many weeks. At the opening of the Exhibition, when we set ourselves the task of noticing more or less every one of the 664 pictures, we felt it to be a somewhat arduous undertaking; but now we have arrived at the end of the list we look back upon the work with nothing but pleasure. Having grown in a manner familiar with every picture in the room, small and great, our impression is that the show is upon the whole a very fine one. There are many works upon the walls which seize upon the attention, and reawaken the old interest upon every visit to the rooms, making us regret that we have seen them—or shall very soon have seen them—possibly for the last time.

Very Nice.—"There is one piece of advice," says Sydney Smith, "in a life of study which I think no one will object to; and that is, every now and then to be completely idle—to do nothing at all." Who amongst the brain workers have not felt that want of total repose?—*Hornet.*

Studies from Natural History.—The bear is a hugly animal. The lion seldom speaks truth; it is ever lion. The rat makes good head-gear; there's nothing like your' *at* for the head. I never seea jackal without singing out; I a-jackal-'ate. The horse is a ginerous animal, but very "near" when a *close* horse, The cat is a sleek cuss, and rich when its purrs is full. The ass has that true nobility which distinguishes most mankind. The monkey is a 'cute critter; he has the power of speech, but wont say so, in case he might be made to work. The elephant drinks a few; he's a trunken beast in gineral. The leopard is a boubtful bird; he's never on the spot, the spot's on him mostly. I like the sarpint best; he's the only critter as can't kick in fitin'.—*Hornet.*

LITERATURE.

THE DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

In these days about the rarest thing supplied us from the press is novelty in the shape of information. Almost everything we read comes as a matter of course, and we take it as a reminder. There is an exception in the *Gentleman's Magazine* this month. Open the number as near as may be in the middle, and you will find yourself in the midst of an article called "The Ship of the Desert." The "ship" in question is the camel, and the article is written by a man who knows as much about the habits, the temper, and the characteristics of the creature as the English housekeeper knows about those of the cat, and when you have read the paper a perfect revolution will have been wrought in your ideas about the camel—that is, supposing your previous knowledge was derived from books. It is quite clear now that we have been deceived about this quadruped by its friends and admirers. Have we not been taught that he is patient, good tempered, frugal, long-suffering, the true friend of his master, having more regard for human kind than for himself? It is all a mistake. This is how our writer describes him:—

> Monstrous in person, the camel surpasses in defects and vices the whole family of domestic quadrupeds. He is at once more fetid than the goat, more stubborn than the mule, more pussillanimous than the sheep. In fine, the camel resembles his master in too many essential particulars to live and work with him on any other than terms of irreconcileable rivalry.

Our author, it seems, has studied human nature as well as camel nature in the desert. Then here is his account of the pleasure of riding the camel:—

> When you are mounted the camel's pace and movements are mostly insupportable. To keep his seat the native rider is obliged to sit with vigilance. To all others the exercise is one of painful need or of pure English bravado. When the animal is at full speed, or kept at artificial trot, not always attainable, there is some alleviation; but otherwise the movement resembles that of a rocking-horse tilted from tip to tip, and balked incessantly with eccentric shocks. The effect on the beginner is to induce sea-sickness, with this difference, that instead of the long and helpless misery of a steamboat convalesence, your recovery is here secured at once by a surprising and most unsettling remedy. The camel has been watching his opportunity, and, judging it come from the languid resistance you begin to oppose to him, suddenly whisks his stomach bottom upwards, spills you violently, tramples you in the sand, bites your ribs, flies off the track to right or left, and leaves you bruised and blistered to be rejoined at leisure by the caravan.

The paper is as smart and novel as that right through. Why did not Mr. Kinglake take us more into his confidence in these respects in his "Eothen?" Perhaps he was too much for the vices of the camel, as he was for those of the Eastern character. What room have we left for notice of the remaining ten articles? Considerations of propriety shall not prevent us from saying that Mr. Hatton has given us, in the sixth and last, the best of the "Reminiscences of Mark Lemon with a Show in the North." To those who hold the late Mark Lemon in kindly remembrance it is very gratifying to observe the excellent spirit in which this gossip about him has been received by the press as well as the public during these six months. The work is to be revised, extended, and republished. Then here is another of Mr. Charles Pebody's racy, rattling papers. Taking "After Dinner Speeches" for his text, he banters Englishmen all round, famous and obscure, upon the frailties to which they are subject on their legs after dinner. Every lover and student of animals will devour rapidly and go through again carefully "Idstone's" paper on "Mongrels." Of course people of all degrees will read, just at this time, Mr. Walter Thornbury's "Sieges of Paris," and poets will take no harm by looking through the article on "Professor Sylvester's Laws of Verse." In "Table Talk"—a decided improvement on the "Notes"—the reader will detect again, in two or three places, the sparkle of Mr. Pebody's style. Altogether a remarkable number: great variety and no "padding."

Belgravia is nearly full of fiction. Miss Braddon knows what her readers like. Of story-telling, by her own hand, there are more than fifty pages in the two continued stories: "Fenton's Quest," and "Milly Darrell." Miss Braddon secures plenty of good, fluent, popular writing in her periodical, by getting the journalists round her. Here, next to each other, are George Augustus Sala and Godfrey Turner, whose modes of treating any subjects ensures readers. Mr. Sala's paper is "On the Prowl;" it is that curious mixture of one-third tale, one-third sketch, and one-third essay, which nobody but himself can make readable. Mr. Godfrey Turner's is a story of the battle of Woerth; for this experienced special correspondent is, of course, at the seat of war. In a "Court Scandal" a writer tells over again, dramatically, the Bavarian romance of Lola Montes. Mr. Sawyer's poem "My Lady's Secret," is not quite up to his usual mark. "Mrs. Harris," by Mortimer Collins, is a capital little bit of historical gossip.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. Anthony Trollope finishes his novel "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," which is already in the libraries in three volumes, and has had nearly a page of the *Times* devoted to it in the shape of review. Happy is the man whose book gets a critique four or five columns long in the leading journal! After that it would be a work of supererogation on our part to review the book, and we turn to those articles for which we depend upon *Macmillan's*. We look to this periodical for something solid and tough. There is no metaphysical paper this time, and the heavy matter is principally historic and political. Mr. Thomas Hughes's Address, which he delivered in the Music Hall, Boston, U.S., on the 11th of October, is given here in full, and it is worth reading. There is a good tone in it. He speaks judiciously, and does not stoop to foolishly flatter the Americans. Touching on the *Alabama* question he honestly tells our cousins the truth: that by agreeing to submit every element in the case to arbitration Great Britain has done its very utmost to get a just settlement of the dispute. The hospitality of the Americans is something extraordinary. Mr. Hughes is not a great man, but here is his testimony as to the manner of his treatment:—

> I have been in this country now some two months, and from the day I crossed your frontier I have received, from one end of the land to the other, from men and women whom I had never seen in my life, and on whom I had no shadow of a claim that I could discover, nothing but the most generous, graceful, and unobtrusive hospitality. I speak of your States from New York to Iowa aad Missouri, from the Canadian Border to Washington. Everywhere I have been carried about to places of interest in the neighbourhood, lodged, boarded, and cared for as if I had been a dear relative returning from a long absence.

Mr. Walter Besant contributes a very good biographic paper on Rabelais. Naturally there is an historic sketch of the Lorne family, learnedly done by Mr. Henry Dunn Smith; and there is another tug at Army Administration.

Once-a-Week has its "Lorne" papers. They are done—and done very well—by Mr. Cuthbert Bede. The *Table Talk* in this Magazine is interesting. In a paragraph about Victor Hugo we are told that the great French poet knows neither the English nor the German languages. Being a weekly publication, stitched into a monthly wrapper, there seems a good deal of stuff on a few topics, but this is the advantage a weekly has over a monthly. The reader gets in his four numbers a good deal of Mr. Hain Friswell's story, "One of Two," and a considerable instalment of "Mr. Golightly."

Mr. Ewald's papers on "Clubs," in *Cassell's Magazine* are full of interesting information on the subject to the uninitiated, but why is he so diffuse? Why does he take half a column to lead up to the statement of a fact that might have been set down in half a dozen words without explanation or roundaboutation? We have one more article, and the last, by Mr. Richard Bedingfield, on Thackeray. Why does he always keep telling us wherein he differs in opinion from Thackeray? Mr. Bedingfield's opinions are evidently of no particular consequence. In a conversation with the great satirist about authors Mr. Bedingfield demurred to the possession by Charlotte Brontë of "absolute genius." What does he mean? Is it possible to read a single chapter of "Jane Eyre," of "Shirley," or "Vilette," without seeing at once that the writer of those works was a pure genius or nothing? "I think," said Thackeray, in reply, "she has the highest possible talent." The man who writes Thackeray's life will find these papers of his cousin useful, but he must exercise a very wise discretion in availing himself of them. *Cassell's* has many good, pleasant essays, the writing of thoughtful, cultivated men. Mr. J. S. Le Fanu's "Checkmate" seems a well written and interesting story. Mr Walter Thornbury's "Four Sergeants of Rochelle," is an interesting bit of modern French history.

The *Victoria Magazine* should grow popular. Its theories are getting realised. This month three ladies have been elected members of School Boards. All the electors who voted for and carried in those candidates should subscribe to the *Victoria*. It keeps the world posted up in all that concerns the advance the ladies are making in public usefulness, and it does it all in moderation. Here is a sensible paper—worth reading, whether you agree with it or not—by Miss Whately Cooke Taylor, on the "Separation of the Sexes in Education." The paper was read at the recent Social Science Congress. Miss Taylor is opposed to the separation of the sexes at school to the extent to which it is carried, and at the least she makes out a good case. General readers will be interested in the historical sketch of Lorraine.

Cassell's Technical Educator is a new work. It is a sequel to the *Popular Educator*, of which we always felt it our duty to report in the highest terms of praise. That work finished last month; part I of the *Technical Educator* is now before us. the first lesson in the number is on "Building Construction." It is all about "plans" and "sections," "elevations," "working drawings," and the like. That announcement should be enough to induce all builders' and architects' clerks to become subscribers, and the mechanics themselves, if they wish to be something more than third-class men or drudges, should follow. The next subject is "Animal Commercial Products," then "Weapons of War," "Projection," "Technical Drawing," "Agricultural Chemistry," and so on. There are also articles on such subjects as "Notable Inventors and Inventions," and "Seats of Industry." Number one among the Seats of Industry is Birmingham, which, in the hands of M. and R. Fox Bourne, makes a good paper. We must not omit to mention "Civil Engineering" as one of the subjects of lessons.

We have three more of Cassell's publications. First is the *Household Guide*, opening with the second paper on the "Collection of Postage Stamps," with engravings of American examples. The papers on the "Toilette" are useful. The amateur mushroom gatherer will be delighted with the article on "Edible Fungi," with careful engravings of the various sorts. The lessons on ventilation should be read by everybody. Seasonable and attractive is the illustrated article on Christmas Decorations.—Next is the *Book of Birds*, of which this is the thirteenth number, full of pictures and descriptions of owls, with a brilliant "Tawny Goatsucker," coloured, as a frontispiece. It is a capital ornithological work. The *Quiver* maintains its character for excellent domestic woodcuts and for good semi-religious stories, poems, essays, &c.—The last of the batch is the introductory part of a new publication, called *Cassell's Child's Book of Song and Praise*. It consists of religious and domestic nursery songs and hymns, accompanied by the music, and nearly all the pages are illuminated. The work would do well for a class book of hymns and poems to be learned by rote, while the music itself is simple enough for the tenderest of pupils. It is a serial work, and a pleasant little addition to Messrs. Cassell's parcel.

To keep himself up in the science of his daily occupation, every mechanic should take the *English Mechanic*. It comes out weekly, and is full of science put into that practical shape which renders it specially interesting to the intelligent working man. Every article is abundantly elucidated with illustrations. A feature in this month's number is a large picture of the celebrated Strasburg Clock, with a full and elaborate description of it.

Our Own Fireside, the literary and domestic organ of the Evangelical party in the Church, is strong this month in its own speciality. A paper which will be largely read is that by the Rev. J. C. Ryle, on "The Reunion of Nonconformists with the Church of England," recommending increased facilities to Nonconformist ministers for becoming clergymen of the Church of England, and the making of a bold effort from within the Church to reform the Act of Uniformity. A seasonable paper is that on Christmas Carols, with examples.

NEW MUSIC.

THE ROYAL EDITION OF OPERAS.

We have received a specimen of Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s "Royal Edition of Operas," and must accord the publishers unqualified praise, and at the same time congratulate the public, who will now for half-a-crown be enabled to purchase any popular operatic work, to be used either in the drawing-room or as a handbook at the Opera House. Although this has long been done for oratorio, audiences have never before had such handbooks for opera. This is therefore a new and good undertaking, and deserves to be a great success. The edition is edited by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a young composer of growing popularity who sprang into notoriety through the success of his "Prodigal Son," and whose name is now constantly before the public in connection with some of the most important musical undertakings of this country. The books are printed in good and clear type, on much better paper than could be expected at the price, and are altogether got up in capital style. The words are accompanied with an English translation. The purchasers can have each opera either at 2s. 6d. in paper covers, or with gilt edges and elegantly bound for 4s.

LOOKING BACK. Words by Louisa Gray. Composed for Madame Trebelli-Bettini, by Arthur Sullivan. London: Boosey and Co. The music is rich and flowing, but there is a sameness throughout. It is not likely to become at all popular.

PEACEFUL THOUGHTS. By Claribel. London: Boosey and Co. A posthumous work. Written in true Claribel style, and consequently very pretty. The words are full of feeling, and the music itself is true to the title of the piece, being expressive of quiet and pleasant thoughts. Range, from D to E.

THEODORA WALTZ AND FREDERIKA WALTZ. By Carrill. London: Boosey and Co. Both pieces are much alike. Good dance music, but very much like the ordinary run of waltzes. They are not very pretty, but they are easy to play, and very monotonous.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

THE HUNT.—The North Warwickshire Hounds will meet on Tuesday at Kenilworth Castle; Thursday, at Causton; and Friday, Lowsome Ford.—The Duke of Rutland's Hounds will meet on Saturday (to-day) at Croxton Park; Monday, Belvoir; Tuesday, Stubton; Wednesday, Goadby; and Friday, Aswarby. Each day at eleven.

EVANS'S COTTAGE HOMES.—We have pleasure in drawing attention to a very effective and large-sized photograph of "Evans's Cottage Homes," at Selly Oak, near Birmingham, executed by Mr. T. Lewis, jun., photographer, of this town. Everybody who has seen them must admit the taste and style of those cottages, the six dwellings having the appearance of three attractive middle-class houses. It is a charity carried out in a noble spirit, and Mr. Lewis's picture does justice to the building, the exterior arrangement, and site.

Amongst the visitors at the Great Western Hotel during the week are the Earl of Lichfield, Captain Evans, Lt.-Colonel Goode, Sir Edmund Buckley, Mr. Shirley, M.P., Captain and Mrs. Bauniakoffsky, Major Close, Captain Bilderling, Mr. Cannol, Mr. Vallance, Colonel Sandys, Mr. Weguelin, M.P., Mr. Du Val, Mr. Lavinciere, Mr. A. Petterson, Mr. G. W. Sandeman, Major Hunter, Mr. C. Manby, Mr. Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. R. Walsh, C.E., Mr. J. Caswell, Rev. J. O. Bevan, Captain and Mrs. Skingley, Mr. M. A. Chadwick, Mr. T. Richards, Mr. Woodhouse, Mr. Johnstone, &c., &c.

THE "BIRMINGHAM MORNING NEWS."—This is the title of the new Birmingham daily paper, anticipatory announcements of which have appeared from time to time in these columns. Its political principles are to be Liberal, and it promises to be in reality what so many journals are only in name—independent. Mr. George Dawson, M.A., is to be the editor, and this will probably cause its editorial matter to be read and quoted in quarters far beyond the range of the ordinary circulation of a Midland newspaper. Dr. Langford will be associated with Mr. Dawson in the editorial conduct of the paper. It is intended that the reporting department shall be managed absolutely without party bias. The first number will appear on Monday morning, the 2nd of January.

AMUSEMENTS IN THE MIDLANDS.

BIRMINGHAM.—"Flying Scud" has been continued at the Theatre Royal, followed (on Monday and Wednesday) by "Jessie Brown," and (on Tuesday) by "Milky White." With good scenery, the pieces have been creditably produced, although we think the ordinary stock company is scarcely strong enough. The Birmingham playgoers have been humoured with actors like Barry Sullivan, Sothern, and Toole, who are all favourites in Birmingham (and everywhere else for the matter of that), and we don't think anything is likely to bring good houses unless such engagements are kept up. There are several stars who have not visited this big Midland town yet, and amongst them Mrs. Rousby. It is probable that this lady is already engaged to visit Birmingham. If not, we hope she will be. Mr. Sinclair, who plays *Nat Gosling* in "Flying Scud," is becoming quite a favourite, and deservedly so. He is really very clever and very funny. He imitates Toole sometimes, but he has a style of his own, and his drollery, which is genuine, becomes more and more amusing. The orchestra alone is an inducement to attend the Royal, whatever the programme may be, and credit is due to Mr. Humphreys for his management in this department. We have been given to understand that "Whittington and his Cat" is to be the Christmas pantomime at this place of amusement.—Mr. Compton with a capital company—such a one that is rarely to be seen in the provinces—is at the Prince of Wales's, playing "Handsome is that Handsome Does," a comedy drama by Tom Taylor. Although the piece is made up of thunder and lightning (and such lightning!) with doses of "my father" and "my cheild," &c., the piece is made deeply interesting and attractive by really good acting, not by one character alone, but by all. Birmingham folk who have heard of Mr. Compton in connection with the Haymarket should not fail to see him in the flesh, and they will not forget it. He is intensely amusing. He is supported by Miss Claude, Miss Carlisle, Miss Edmondson, Mr. J. Wainwright, Mr. Warde, Mr. Archer, &c., who are all good, and play their parts excellently. Why don't the management provide a decent programme? The common wall bills, for which there is charge of one penny! are horrid things to offer to a lady or anybody else. Some good music at this theatre would be an improvement too. The Christmas pantomime is to be "Jack and the Beanstalk."

BATH.—Captain Roebuck's Company having left Bath, there was no performance till Thursday, when the London "Frou Frou Company" commenced a three nights' engagement, with the new drama of "Wait and Hope." There was not a very full house and the performance went off somewhat tamely. On Saturday night "Little Nelly" was produced, with new scenery, new dresses, and effects. A good house rewarded the enterprise of the manager in producing this drama. The length of the play and the interest of the situations precluded anything but a short farce being played with it. Next Monday week, Captain Roebuck returns for the season, in order to put in active rehearsal the coming Pantomime.

NOTTINGHAM.—At the Theatre Royal on Monday night, "The Duke's Motto" was produced, followed by Mr. Craven's drama of "The Chimney Corner." The leading character of the first piece was vested in the hands of Mr. Clarence Holt, who very effectively dealt with a difficult part, requiring as it does the actor to appear in three different guises. Of the three performances that of *Æsop* may be placed amongst Mr. Holt's most successful efforts.—The Lenton's have appeared in their acrobatic performances on each evening of the week.—Mr. Maclagan and his concert party took possession of the Mechanic's Hall, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Considering that this was the first visit of Mr. Maclagan to the town, he was well patronized, and it is not too much to say that his peformances gave satisfaction to all.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—During the past week there has been a better class of entertainment at the Prince of Wales Theatre than the ordinary run given at this place of amusement, consisting of an Opera Company, numbering upwards of thirty performers. The names of the principals are Madame Tonnelier (Mrs. Cooper), prima donna; Miss J. H. Clayton, seconda donna; Mr. W. H. Tilla, primo tenore; and Mr. L. Ryse, primo basso. The opening piece on Monday evening was Offenbach's great work "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein." Madame Tonnelier has long been recognised as a favourite with Wolverhampton audiences as well as in Birmingham. She impersonated *La Grande Duchesse* with much credit. Miss Clayton, as *Wanda*, the peasant girl, acted her part carefully, and, in the few songs allotted to her, fairly acquitted herself. The other characters were all well sustained. Mr. Cooper and his associates in the orchestra deserve all praise. On Tuesday evening Donizetti's new opera of "I. Martiri" was performed to a crowded house.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE DE RONSARD, 1524—1585.

When the slow years with stealthy pace have brought
  To you grey hair, sad brow and stooping gait,
When of your beauty there remaineth nought,
  Ah! blame yourself alone and not your fate.

In winter nights when winds the roughest blow,
  The crackling wood-fire brightly burns, and in
Your quiet room, full in the ruddy glow,
  You sit and dream—not of the flax you spin;

Across your memory I know will fall
  The thought of me, as you sometimes have seen
At evening slant athwart the poplars tall
  A gleaming relic of what day has been.

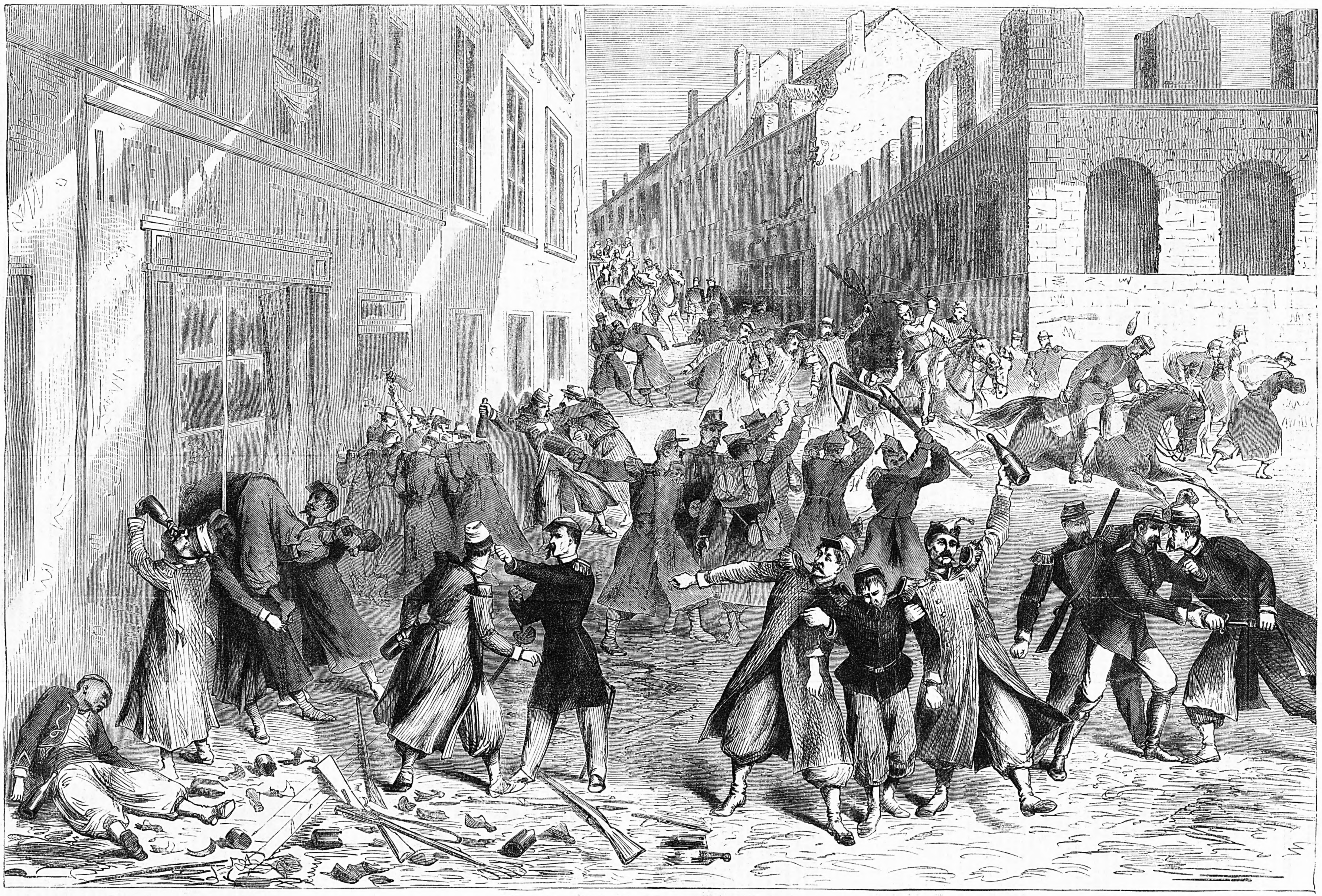
Then you will stop your wheel and bid your maid
  Bring forth my book and read to you awhile;
Then—for I shall long since in earth be laid—
  A tear will start at what once caused a smile.

Who will care for you, say, when you are old,
  When those who knew you best are dead and gone;
When time has silvered hair that shamed the gold
  It was your pride to tress it with, anon?

Be not unkind; and spare yourself the pain
  Of unloved age and me the thought that you
Some day will turn and turning weep in vain
  For days like these and love you knew was true.

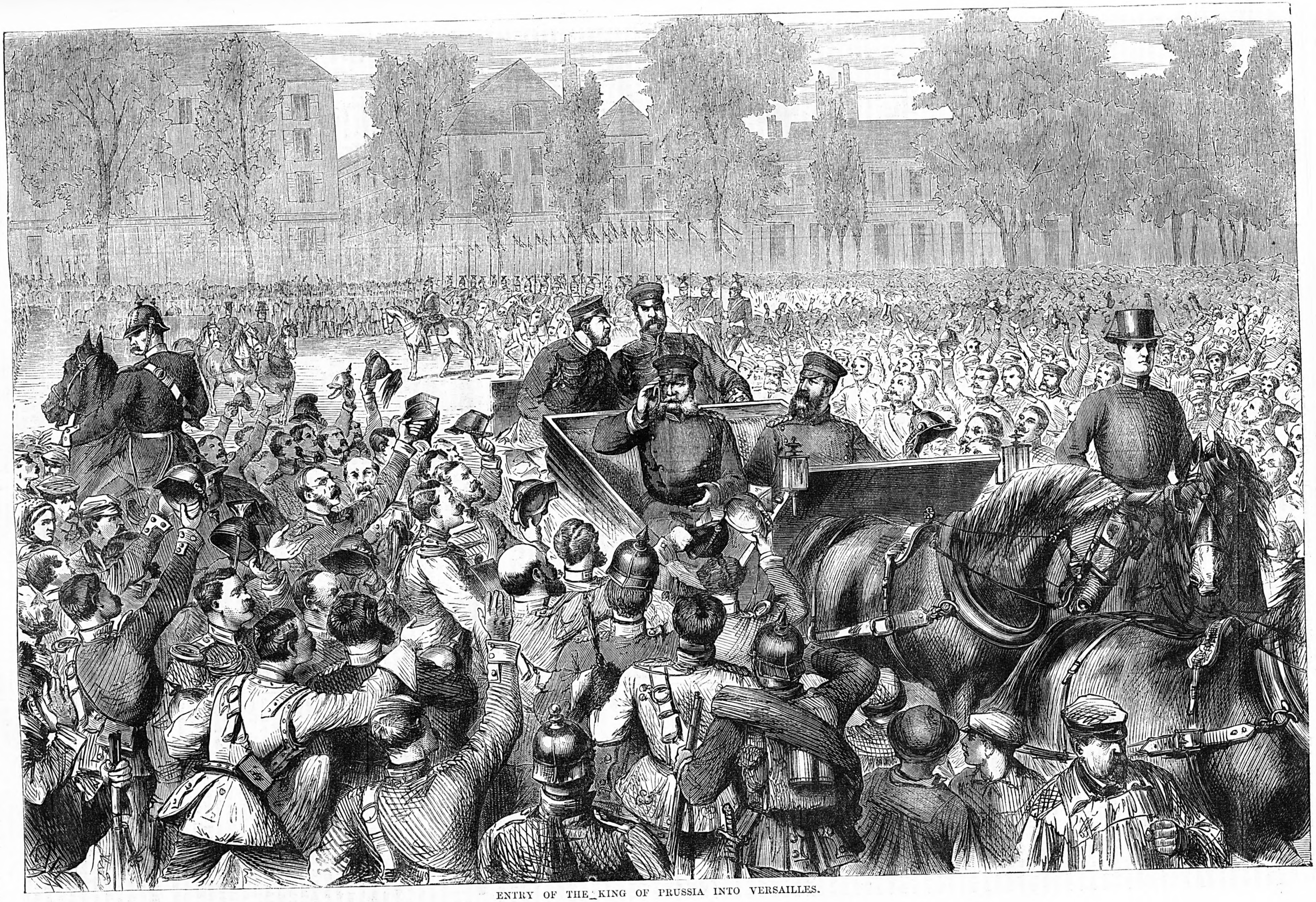
ST. GERMAIN.

"SMALL PROFITS."—A young man in the Midlands, studying the secrets of trade, would do well to visit the establishment of Mr. Stephenson, saddler, harness maker, and the like, opposite the King's Head, Worcester Street, Birmingham. If he knows anything about a hunting saddle, for instance, either as a sportsman, a manufacturer, or a trader, he will see there a fine specimen of workmanship and material in pigskin offered at a price which, compared with his previous experience, would seem insufficient to cover its original prime cost to the maker. In the matter of plated harness, gig lamps, rugs, &c., Mr. Stephenson also marks his merchandise at prices quite incomprehensible when compared with the ordinary quotations. As for such small matters as whips, horse-brushes, whip holders, &c., a handful of coppers will furnish the stable. Articles in a similar line of business for domestic purposes are exhibited at the same exceptional rates. It is for Mr. Stephenson to explain how it is done.



L. FELIX DEBITANT

THE LAST HOURS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SEDAN.



ENTRY OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA INTO VERSAILLES.

TABLE TALK.

Without dabbling in the actual polemics of a polemical question just now—though we may claim the privilege at table of discussing any topic under the sun—it is possible to look for a moment at one very curious aspect of a subject now very much under dispute. It is this matter of the elevation of women to posts of public duty like that of membership of an Educational Board. The right and wrong—or rather the propriety and impropriety—of the assumption of these new positions by women get discussed across a table, and a couple of gentlemen are perfectly agreed that a woman is out of her sphere who assumes these public duties. "It is contrary to her nature," says one. "It is so unlike women; it detracts from their best qualities," replies the other. "I would rather see them," rejoins the first, "shut up in the house, and kept entirely out of sight, as they are in some Eastern countries, than that they should go to the other extreme and take an active part in affairs that should be conducted by men." Now, apart from the merits of the question there is an amusing side to this way of discussing it. It entirely ignores the feminine opinion on the point at issue. The man who sets the Turkish against the Education Board system assumes, to begin with, that it is all a question of taste—and a question only of masculine taste. It is as if a man should say that as far as he was concerned he would rather all women should be chained to the bed-post but unfortunately there were not enough men to agree with him on the point to carry it out. In the argument the woman takes the place of some article of masculine property. I would wear my ring on my third or fourth finger. I would have my eggs boiled hard. I would have our women take an interest in this class of subjects, and hold their tongues about those other topics. It is a common charge against women that they do not reason. They are rather liable to *petitio principii*. But how is it possible to "beg the question" more glaringly than in this method of discussing it? Perhaps the position of women in society is all right. There may be no particular alteration to make in it that will be an improvement. But the question is opened and under debate, and we must discuss it on fair premises. What *is* the question? Not, How do the men prefer that women should conduct themselves in society? Men's preferences on that point may be vicious, or prejudiced, or formed entirely upon habit. What one wants to know is whether our wishes and feelings are or are not mistakes—as they are very likely to be, seeing how widely men have differed on the subject in different times and countries. And since men have always decided the point hitherto, and have certainly made some curious blunders, it would not be unreasonable, and not altogether ungallant, if we were to hold our peace for awhile, and let the ladies consider the problem, and work it out. It is *almost* as important to them as to us. And first let us get a decision from them in the case of the Turkish *versus* the Rights of Woman system. If they decide for the latter, it is not quite clear that we have any right of appeal. We have had our own way a long time.

Since newspapers, as well as the people one meets in the streets, are unusually down upon the fog phenomena in our large towns just at this season, it is worth while to note the difference between a country fog and a town fog. There is certainly no help generally for that which hangs over our fields and meadows. Drainage and the abolition of marshes may modify it considerably, but we shall probably never quite get free from those mists which hang over the country some mornings. Nor are they so altogether mischievous and unpicturesque that we need pursue a very serious crusade against them. But the town fog is usually another article. It is composed principally of smoke that will not arise and disperse. A London fog is, in fact, a huge, intangible mass of half-consumed coal. It is a terrible affliction, and does more discredit to our capital in the eyes of foreigners than any other of the many faults of London. That fog could be banished. There is an Act of Parliament to abolish it, and it is an act that might easily be carried out. Why not get up a public demonstration in Hyde Park in favour of enforcing Lord Palmerston's Act? If it did London good, it would not do a foggy, begrimed, but otherwise fine and handsome Midland town any harm.

It is the current opinion in Devonshire and Cornwall, where the country is nealry all hills and valleys, that an undulating road is less wearying to the pedestrian than a long level. There is no walking, they will tell you, so tiring as long miles "on the flat." We have not heard the same notion expressed in other hilly districts. What says the experienced pedestrian, well acquainted with all sorts of walking? We all know how trying is a steep ascent, but it is certainly remarkable with what ease we take the first two or three hundred yards after we have reached the top of the acclivity; and a horse goes off as if he were fresh from the stable immediately after having accomplished a laborious bit of climbing. It seems to stand to reason that the strain does not fall upon exactly the same parts of the muscular system in uphill, downhill, and level, and one of those is always a little relief from the others.

Over many a breakfast-table, one day this week, were words expressed of deep sympathy and pity for the sudden unhappy fate of poor Frederick Younge the actor, done to death in a railway accident in the North. He had made himself known during these two years all over the kingdom by his genial and appreciative acting of the chief parts in Mr. Robertson's plays, and there was something in his style of presenting his parts which seemed to reveal kindly and generous traits of personal character.

BEING MARRIED.

There are some scenes in a man's life which do not bear repetition, if they are in any way a success, and should never be reproduced if they have proved to be a failure. Amongst these, and perhaps the most prominent, is his being married. At a first start-off there is an inevitable excitement, an interest, a novelty, which bear a bloom as delicate as that which clothes the cheek of a plum, or glitters on the wing of a butterfly, and which is as easily effaced as either. In the principal events of his life, man is not always a free agent, and consequently does not put himself forward for praise or blame. It would be unreasonable to attack a man for being born, for being christened, or for being vaccinated, because these little landmarks in his life are fixed and decreed without any reference to his will in the matter. With his decease man, as a rule, has very little to do; the general rule being that he would rather live than otherwise. But with his choice of a profession, his taste in living, and his selection of a wife, man assumes a free agency which makes him accountable to society, and compels him to submit to criticism. With his choice of a means of earning his living, and with his moral life, general society, however, does not actively concern itself, unless he choose or chance to become popular or notorious in either. With his marriage, nevertheless, the outside world busies itself in a most incommensurate degree, and, odd to say, though the man is the real and and actual feature of importance at his marriage, though the moral and social responsibilities rest heaviest upon his shoulders, it is at this culminating and all-eventful period of his life that he is reduced to a position of nonenity. The moment that it is known that a man is going to marry a young lady, curiosity is directed, not to him—but to his bride. Who ever wasted a thought upon what the bridegroom would wear at the ceremony? out of a whole circle of neighbours, friends, and acquaintances, who ever bestows a glance of interest on this responsible personage? Who, in the vast area of the church, has an eye for any but the bride? It is a matter of the supremest indifference whether the bridegroom is early or late, or is graceful or clumsy in the matter of the ceremony, or makes his responses boldly or with diffidence. But every spare hour is occupied by gossipers in surmises, hopes, sneers, apprehensions and questionings respecting the bride, her belongings, her birth, parentage, education, and expectations. All speculation after this runs in the direction of her probable dress, and all realisation is culminated by her appearance in church. Utterly tame is the service while the bridegroom has a share in it, but death-like silence is held when the bride is expected to make her timid answer to the now (but not before) momentous question of the priest. Her bearing, her looks, her bridesmaids, even her father and mother, are more important to society than the man who, of his own free will, has produced these phenomena. Nor does the bridegroom's insignificance end with the ceremonial. At the inevitable breakfast, that cruel conspiracy of fashion against good manners and digestion, the bridegroom is nowhere. If he make a speech he can only say one thing, and what that is we all must know beforehand. All through the banquet preliminary to his first effort at self-assertion, namely, the taking away of what the law has made his own, he is regarded as a spoliator, a breaker-up of homes, a divider of peaceful associations, a robber, a legalised ravisher. Not even a jocular bridegroom can do away with the tears at parting, the hysterical farewell. He must throughout play the double part of villain and clown. And for what? Is this just or reasonable? Man undertakes, blindfold, the lifelong responsibility of a wife with all her imperfections, skilfully concealed before marriage, on her head; for her he toils and wastes his health and spirits, to be rewarded with a very indifferent return negatively speaking, and often with positive unkindness and ungenerousness. He is, from the first, placed in a false light, as we have shown; he is regarded as a means of being provided for, and is constantly being reminded of this fact, as if it were not self-apparent. Totally forgetting that for a man to marry a woman is an act of heroism only equalled by the self-devotion of Quintus Curtius, the voice of society utters no encouragement to him, the hand of society does not give him an applauding lift. Gentle-minded men overlook this evil treatment, and are content to shine by the reflected light of their spouses, but to the self-possessed and responsible man this common injustice is insufferable; and, in spite of scowls at home and the general epithet of "brute," he shakes himself free from his self-imposed fetters, and moves where he wills like the wind. Being married is with some men their social death-warrant, the suicide of their happiness. They walk into slavery and hug their chains. Such men—we can say no worse of them—deserve their fate. The gates of freedom are open to them, and they elect a dungeon. To a very few is the being married a wise or politic step. From first to last they are misunderstood, and overlooked save as a means of providing a house, furniture, and food. What is glory to a woman is degradation to a man, and society, that false counseller, and lying sign-post, has all its sympathies for the so-called weak sex, and all its harshness and bitterness for the sufferer. Had marriage been a sacred instead of a political institution, we might have said something better of it.—*Court Journal.*

ST. GEORGE FOR OLD ENGLAND.

[A warlike contributor sends us the following spirited song.]

So they say that Old England is failing and slow,
And they call her a worn-out decrepid old dame,
Whose hey-day has past, and whose sand has run low;
Of whose greatness, at last, all that's left is the name.
Let them say, dare their worst, they will find her ready
To meet one or all who may venture to come;
And her time-honoured war-cry shall rouse and appal them—
St. George for Old England, and Britons strike home!

Ye tyrants of Europe, who shed blood as water,
But, only so long as it is not your own;
Bethink you, should England, aghast at the slaughter,
Resolve that your victims should not stand alone,
When her war-cry of battle resounds through your valleys,
Where then will you flee from the vengeance to come?
St. George to the rescue! St. George to the rescue!
St. George to the rescue! and Britons strike home!

We value alike both your frowns and caresses,
And care not a pin for your good or bad word;
So remember the hand which the olive-branch presses,
At honour's demand can again grasp the sword.
We dearly love peace, but, if peace is denied us,
We pause not to ask whence the challenge shall come?
But hurl down our gauntlet, this watchword to guide us,—
St. George for Old England, and Britons strike home!

Derby. FRANCIS RICHARDSON DENS.

DRAMATISTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT.

We make the following extract from the *Athenæum's* second article on the "Dramatists of the Present Day:"—

"It was in 1860 that Mr. Boucicault reached the climax of his fame. In that year he produced at the Adelphi Theatre 'The Colleen Bawn,' which had an uninterrupted run of two hundred and thirty nights, and has since earned applause in the principal theatres in this country, in our colonies, and in the United States. 'The Colleen Bawn' was followed by 'The Streets of London,' 'Arrah-na-Pogue,' 'Flying Scud,' 'After Dark,' and other pieces, the latest being 'The Rapparee,' recently withdrawn from the boards of the Princess's Theatre. Altogether Mr. Boucicault has written about one hundred and fifty dramas.

Mr. Boucicault is not an original writer. His most popular plays are adaptations. 'Love in a Maze' has in it an unmistakeably French element; 'Used Up' is 'L'Homme Blasé;' 'Louis XI.' is by Casimir Delavigne; 'The Corsican Brothers' is by Dumas; 'The Long Strike' is dramatized from a novel; 'The Colleen Bawn' is by Gerald Griffin. When he does not take a story wholly, he selects parts of several, which he vamps; and the playwright's constructive skill is so great, that usually the welding is unperceived, Constructive skill is, perhaps, Mr. Boucicault's chief merit. Studied carefully, the latter pieces seem as if the author, having conceived a startling incident, had had the scene painted, and then written a drama to suit the situation. To a critic, the result is as unsatisfactory as the setting of words to music instead of music to words. With a sensational foundation, everything is sacrificed to the predetermined effect. The task of each actor is strictly defined; no intelligent independence is allowed him; he is a marionnette. The executive ability of a man qualified to display his art is repressed. The exponents of the story are ill-assorted, a series of incidents follow each other with rapidity; and the delineation of character and passion is sacrificed to stage-mechanism. Bodily-peril, in fact, forms the basis of interest: and to the carpenter is entrusted the task of producing the effect which we should owe solely to the dramatist. 'After Dark,' for example, depended for its success upon the movement of a sham train, and 'Flying Scud' upon puppet horses. As an adept at stage devices, Mr. Boucicault has no equal.

No man is more happy in dialogue than Mr. Boucicault. When he is dull he is very dull; but it is only on rare occasions that he exercises the privilege of nodding. As I write I cannot recall one of his plays from which I could not make pleasing extracts. The Irish dramas especially abound with admirable examples of drolleries and delicacies in expression. We constantly meet with tender passages which captivate by their wit and humour, or are irresitible in pathos. Here and there, even in the most slovenly and carelessly written of the plays, passages are to be found admirable not only as a vehicle for advancing the progress of the story told by the dramatist, but in themselves. Indeed no modern writer has said better things on the stage than Mr. Boucicault.

I cannot admit that the amusement Mr. Boucicault has furnished his generation is altogether, or in great degree, intellectual. In his plots I fail to see moral purpose developed; there is no unfolding of character and passion; the effect he produces on an audience is the same in kind as that produced by a man who endangers his limbs and life on a trapeze; he stimulates the nerves rather than the intellectual faculties. It must be added, that he owes much to others. Sometimes it is the plot he takes; sometimes a character. Incidents he selects from various sources, and without hesitation weaves them into his own story. He is not above supplying himself even with phrases from other men's works. Whence comes the straw he does not ask, so long as it is suitable for his brick-making. In saying this, I do not intend to depreciate the undoubted merits of Mr. Boucicault.

"GUSH."

There is a remarkably foolish spirit which walks abroad now-a-days, and which is generally known as the *nil admirari* spirit. The disciples of this obnoxious phantom give much study and great attention to the acquirement of the art of checking and repressing all feelings of admiration and enthusiasm, and only consider themselves as perfect when they can present such a mental front to outside impressions as never to be surprised into any expression that could possibly give the world the absurd idea that they love or value anything that is noble and beautiful.

To care as little for Monte Rosa in a sunset as for the monument in a shower, to hear with the same sense of freedom an act of Shakespeare and an Act of Parliament, to be as little moved at the deeds of a hero as at those of a conveyancer, and to gaze with the same languid indifference at the canvass of a Raphael and of a billy-boy—in short, to know that he cares for nothing, feels for nothing, loves nothing, and delights in nothing; these are the characteristics of the perfect professor in the art of *nil admirari*.

It is of such a one of whom it is told that upon being asked, after his return from foreign travel, if he had visited Athens, referred the question to his valet, "Did I see Athens, Jules?" and remembering, with that functionary's assistance, that he had done so, remarked that "it was a good deal out of repair." It was he also that suggested to a friend at the Louvre that they should take different sides of the gallery, and so get through the infliction of seeing the masterpieces of the world in half the time.

As a sort of balance, apparently, to this class of languid dreamers, there is another which rushes into the opposite extreme. Enthusiasm, delight, and admiration so fill the hearts of these people that there is a continual overflow, which gushes out in streams of italicised superlatives. For them this language of ours is of too sober and cold a colour for the painting of their overwrought feelings. Moved by the view of what is lively or magnificent, or at the recital of what is noble and grand, they express their feelings of admiration in floods of emphasised language, which rushes out in an endless hurry of rapture. This exuberance of enthusiasm is known in the slang of the day as "Gush," and is quite as foolish, though not nearly as offensive, as its chilly antithesis.

This propensity to "Gush" we are reluctantly compelled to assert, exists much more largely in that sex of which it so difficult to find anything to complain than in the sterner and less impressionable sex. Indeed, three-quarters of the aggregate amount of "Gush" expended on a thankless race issues from the lips of maidens of from blushing sixteen up to twenty. This is the age, no doubt, for romance and poetry, for theories of great deeds, of hopeless love, of broken vows and broken hearts, and all that sugars the bread and butter of that gushing period. It is the age of flashing eyes, of hands clasped in ecstasy, of intense emphasis over what, in the more sober condition of manhood, is probably viewed in a very different light, and these enthusiastic damsels, while a few reserve their heart-pourings for the sympathetic bosoms of their own familiar friends, do, some of them, pour forth their "Gush" with a liberal hand over every one with whom chance brings them in contact. Perhaps no sight is more amusing to the watchful critic than to see *nil admirari*, of solemn countenance and drooping whiskers, taking down "Gush," in white muslin and beaming smiles, to dinner. He listens to the fragments of conversation which reach his ears, and pities her futile attempts to find some weak place in her partner's armour of indifference where her earnest remarks may tell. He hears "Gush" say, "Oh, *did* you see Millais's Flood this year? *Wasn't* the kitten charming? Oh, I *do* so love Millais!" and then accross the ripple of talk comes the "Wow, wow, wow," of the alarmed *nil admirari*. Failing here, the young lady brings up strong reserves of poetry and romance, and the observer will notice with much amusement how the helpless gentleman looks piteously for reinforcements of dry sherry to help him to carry on his beleaguered defence.

There is one particular state of affairs in which probably, the feminine gushing propensity is more unhesitatingly shown than in any other. Those of us who have entered into the holy state of matrimony know that a long-expected day at last arrives when our home and our hearth are literally turned upside down. A female republic is proclaimed, with an elderly, stout and important Gamp-betta as president, and the head of the hitherto reigning house finds himself deposed, degraded, and despised. He is looked upon as an abandoned creature, whose sole mission it is to walk with creaking boots, bang doors, and want his meals, and the provisional government entirely repudiates these qualities. Hungry, anxious, and subdued, he hears, at last, something very like a wail from the upper regions, and he knows well the long-pent-up flood gates of "Gush" are loosed, and that it is overflowing its banks. Soon he hears a hurried step, but instead of his maid-servant bringing in his dinner, he finds it is his mother-in-law bringing in "Gush." Of course he is very glad, and he is pleased it is a boy, and grateful to know it is so like himself, and delighted she is going on so well, and charmed that its eyes are blue, and so on; but—how about his dinner?

There is no doubt that the older the "gusher" grows the more incongruous and inscrutable does "Gush" appear; and the reason for this is, that it is, after all, essentially a child-like quality. In a child there is an entire absence of repression or reticence; it expresses all its feelings with the utmost animation and exuberance of speech and manner, and it is the utter unconsciousness with which all this is done that makes the *abandon* of childhood so delightful. But, as years go on, the affectation of child-like nature and the assumption of its manners and speech becomes the more offensive the older the pretender grows. We all know—more commonly in fiction, but, perhaps, also from actual experience—the middle-aged "Gusher," and how such a character is considered a fair object for ridicule. The elderly spinster, whose face and figure record her age, but whose talk and gestures are of a time left far behind, is indeed a target worthy of satire's shafts. Every age brings with it, naturally, qualities entitled to admiration, but they must be the natural products of that age. To "Gush" at eight is charming, at eighteen, silly, but at eight-and-thirty offensive. And yet there are women who think this pretence of youth, at a time when youth no longer exists, is an attractive and pleasant deceit. There is a "youngness" (to coin a word) which lasts in some natures through life, and which is quite charming, but it never puts on the childishness of "Gush."

And yet "gush" can be made to look very charming when painted by an artist. The "Gush" of Dora Copperfield was entrancing.

Before we conclude this paper we must, in fairness, own that, although we have confined our remarks almost solely to feminine "Gush," yet the other sex is by no means free from it. When men make speeches, especially after dinner, a vast amount of "Gush" is found to have escaped. They feel and say so very much more than in their calmer moments they could possibly have imagined themselves capable of. A dinner is given, say, to Jones on his leaving the neighbourhood. Smith—who has a thousand times made deprecatory remarks as to Jones, his manners, appearance, wife, and all that is his—goes to the dinner mainly for the reason that he cannot decently stay away. Time and the decanters go on, and Smith finds himself on his legs and speaking of Jones. What is the result? Why, a very great amount of "Gush."

And men also, and especially war correspondents, can write "Gush" with far too much ease, as he who runs (for the *Daily Telegraph*) may read.

We could give many more instances, but we have said enough on the subject, and we leave it for the consideration of our readers, who, most of them, will, no doubt, be able to study it from the life.—*Civilian.*

WINTER FASHIONS.

The early approach of cold weather, says *La Mode*, has tended materially to decide the adoption of winter costumes, and very warm materials have not only become fashionable, but quite necessary.

Velvet, satin, silk, drap d'Italie, drap de soie, satteen, serge, and rep, are all employed in costumes, which generally consist of trimmed skirt, panier, and jacket. Skirts are made just touching the ground, and pointed bodies with square basques at the back are quite fashionable. The sleeves of jackets are made open and pointed, and these costumes are usually trimmed with deep fringe. Basques and revers continue in favour.

Evening dresses are made of a medium length, and are trimmed with flounces and rounded paniers, not puffed, as formerly, with trimmings to match the dress. A square tablier, placed high in the front, is sometimes added. Bodices are worn rather higher than formerly.

Casaques, mantles, and jackets in velvet are very much worn. Fitting casaques, with open sleeves, are trimmed with a deep flounce of satin or with lace. The basques are trimmed in the same way. Mantles are made very loose, slashed three times behind, or at the centre or sides, with wide open sleeves. Edgings of fur, seal, chinchila, sable, ermine, and grebe are very extensively used. Velvet mantles trimmed with grebe and sable, plain sealskin, and cloth trimmed with furs or ermine, are very fashionable. Fringes of various kinds are also employed for this purpose.

Jackets in cloth are made very loose, with pagoda and Venetian sleeves. The trimmings are mostly those used for mantles. Crossbands of satin, edgings of fur, ermine, seal, and grebe are in vogue. The "Osborne" and "Crown Princess" jackets, which were worn last month, continue in great favour.

Velvet tunics are still much in vogue, trimmed with lace, fringe, and satin. They are looped *en panier*, and are worn over flounced skirts of plain material.

In bonnets the Gipsy is the all-prevailing shape and every other kind is fast disappearing before this favourite, which is much better adapted to the requirements of the winter season. Velvet and lace are principally employed.

In hats, the prevailing shape is the Tyrolean in felt. These are trimmed with velvet and feathers much after the styles of bonnets. The edges are bound with velvet, and a wreath is worn of plaited velvet, with a torsade of feathers covering the whole of the top. One or two lappets are added at the back. A velvet bow with clasp is placed at the side near the front.

Maravilla Cocoa for Breakfast.—The *Globe* says—Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, delicate aroma, and all the concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage.—Sold in packets only, by all grocers, Sole proprietors, Taylor Brothers, London. [76

Important.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. Twenty-five per cent saved in value. [24

Mutual Life Assurance.—The advantages of the Scottish Provident Institution, as compared with other offices, are a greatly larger original assurance for the same premium, and eventually to good lives, as large additions as where the ordinary high rate of premium is charged.—For particulars, apply to Mr. A. Forrest, 10. Cherry Street, Birmingham. [105

Watkin's Toilet Club, 6, Union Street.—Hair Cutting and Shampooing, 6d. Particular attention paid to the Hair Cutting, Clean Brushes and Towels. A large Stock of Headdresses, Plaits, Wigs, Braids, Fronts, &c., to select from. Orders taken are executed on the shortest notice; great care taken in matching the colour. Pomades, Lime Juice, Perfumes, Sponges, Combs, and Brushes in stock at the lowest price. N.B.—A large quantity of Perfume Fountains from 1d. to 1s. [95

Advice to Mothers.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately: it is perfectly harmless: it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the owels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes.—Sold by all medicine vendors at 1s. 1½d. per bottle. [694

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—The most effectual Cure for Gout and Rheumatism.—A frequent cause of these complaints is the inflammatory state of the blood, which usually attends bad digestion, producing lassitude, and great debility, thereby indicating the want of a proper circulation of that fluid, and the impurity of the blood, thus induced greatly aggravates these disorders. Holloway's Pills are of so purifying a nature, that a few doses taken in time are an effectual preventive against gout and rheumatism, but whoever may have an attack of either should use Holloway's Ointment also, the searching properties of which, combined with the effects of the Pills, ensures a certain cure. The Ointment should, at least twice a day, be thoroughly rubbed into the parts affected after they have been sufficiently fomented with warm water to open the pores thereby facilitating the introduction of the Ointment to the glands. [42

WHAT SHOULD BE OUR POLICY?

Mr. Frederick Harrison, in a capital paper on "Bismarckism" contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, thus answers the above question:—I do not hesitate to say—to check the progress of Prussian ambition. To check it by diplomacy if possible; but by arms if necessary. It is not in the name of France, nor of the French Republic; but in the highest interests of European peace and progress that it is the duty of England to withstand the domination of a new empire of the sword. It is time to raise the retrograde and military weight of Prussia off Europe, and to force her back to her place. How is this to be done, even if we wished it, men ask aghast, and what can resist Prussia? As if statesmanship, energy, and power, had left this country for ever. Is this nation Holland, Belgium, Denmark, that it is to count for nothing in European politics? In the first place, it is to be done by statesmanship. If England threw her whole heart into it, and it was known that she had pledged herself to it, she could form a great coalition of neutral States. She should put herself at the head of a federation of the weak, which in itself would be a strong federation. She should bind Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, first in offensive and defensive alliances, in which each member of the union guaranteed the inviolability of each of the others with their whole force. She should put herself right by restoring all her foreign possessions in Europe. She might hold Heligoland for the new Federation or for Denmark, to whom it plainly should belong. She might restore Gibraltar to Spain, and Malta, if required, to Italy. Then if statesmanship be a real thing at all, Spain, Italy, Austria, all already sympathising with France, could be brought into the alliance. They would be feeble hands who, using such a force, and with the weight of all Western Europe in one, could not by a moral demonstration alone cause the German to pause, and to conclude a reasonable peace.

And failing this, for one, I would shrink from no consequence. If Germany, in her headstrong ambition, insisted on the destruction of France, and no joint effort of neutrals were possible, let England throw herself into the rescue of France with her whole forces, moral and material, naval and military. If the task be hopelessly beyond her strength, then England has ceased to be a great Power, and must have sunk back indeed since the days of Pitt or Chatham or Marlborough. It is a heavy task doubtless, and one not to be done in a day. But it is not hopeless. Let money, guns, and supplies alone be poured into France, with the aid of the English fleet, and it may be well believed that France could turn the tide. She has a million of men in arms. What she needs is time and every material of war. And if that did not suffice, let 100,000 men in red, equipped with every munition of war, be planted in some spot in Brittany or Normandy, where, supplied and covered by the fleet, they might take up a new Torres Vedras. Then let Paris fall or not, with the incalculable moral support and inexhaustible material supplies of England, France would not fall. She would rise more desperate after every defeat, and more resolved after every calamity. She might be driven back to Brittany or the Pyrenees. She might endure every agony that a nation could suffer. It might be years before the struggle ended. But once let it be known that the whole heart and power of England was on her side, English gold, stores, and arms pouring in at every port, and an English entrenched camp as a reserve, and the tenacity and heroism of France would do the rest; slowly the grip of the eagle would grow feebler, slowly the conquerors would withdraw, and at length the armies of the two western nations, brother leaders of the van of civilisation, would force back the German invader to his own border. Such would be the policy of Chatham, of William, or of Cromwell. * * *

What still remains for France? Simply to fight on. France cannot be conquered. No great nation can. The cession of Alsace and Larraine is not merely the surrender of two provinces. It is the *delivering* up the country, its capital, and its independence, bound hand and foot, to a ruthless neighbour. It is what no Frenchman worthy of the name could assent to. * * * And yet there are men quite filled with moral indignation that Frenchmen can refuse such a peace. They talk quite grandly of the guilt of refusing such terms. How many a lost cause have Englishmen applauded—the Polish, the Circassian, the Arab defences, the defence of Hungary and Rome in 1849, of the Danes in 1864, of the Confederates in 1866, was heroic in the eyes of most of those who are insulting the defiance of France. And now these hypocrites—who hate France—call on her to yield in the name of peace and good sense. In the meantime the case of France is not hopeless. Every day her spirit seems to grow more resolute. Paris may fall—may have fallen before these pages are published—but that is not the end. It may be that this is but the beginning of the war, and not its end. The wealth of France is boundless, her population is unexhausted, her natural resources infinite. She has nearly a million of men under arms; she has six or seven armies in the field, and all her seaboard and ports untouched. It is the fashion to sneer at her efforts, to deny her courage, and to undervalue her resources. For my part, in spite of wild speeches and divided counsels, I call the resolute front of her actual rulers heroic. I will not be curious to note their faults or their follies. I will forgive them and honour them for carrying on the traditions of the great Danton, and for uttering defiance in the midst of unparalleled disasters. I call the rush to arms of all able-bodied Frenchmen heroic, and in the main I accept that as a fact. I call the willingness of Frenchmen to bear every extremity, rather than a dishonourable peace, heroic. And, above all, I call the defence of Paris, the unity of its multiform population, and the resolve of its attitude, heroic. * * *

But the people in France will not stand alone. Round them will gather the people and the republicanism of Europe. In all the sufferings and humiliations of France, this cause will gain a new impulse. From henceforward the French people alone, even in the eyes of German democrats, will be felt to bear the standard of progress. The dangerous designs of Prussia, her retrograde ambition, will be the great enemies of the people all over the world. Round the workmen of France those of England have long gathered; those of Switzerland, Spain, Italy, and Germany are gathering. The issue is so critical for the future, and the dangers from the reactionary power are so serious, that they override all national and local questions. Now it will be neither England, France, nor Germany; but Republic against Monarchy. Round the Prussian throne gather all the retrograde principles; round the French people all the progressive. In this great issue national and party questions dwindle. All governments will henceforward be alike to us. Whig or Tory, and the rest, are but vestry-room cries. The one cause, in which every other is merged, is the cause of the Republic.

GOSSIP.

Madame Schneider and M. Dupuis will shortly appear at the Grand Opera House, New York.

The *Musical Standard* states that a new company have announced a series of Italian Opera Buffa to commence on the 2nd of January at the Lyceum Theatre.

Early in next year Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons will publish "The Autobiography of the late Lord Brougham and Vaux;" the work, it is said, will be one of great interest.

Kenilworth is a subject of which neither authors nor public seem to tire. A new work in illustration of the place and its history is now in preparation by the Rev. R. H. Knowles.—*Athenæum.*

The *Musical Standard* hears that Mrs. John Drew is about to bring out a dramatised version of Dickens's fragmentary story of "Edwin Drood" at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

It is stated that the Musical Committee of the Society of Arts have under consideration a reference from the Council with regard to the establishment of a National Training School for Music.

Two lines missing in all the editions of Chaucer's "Treatise on the Astrolable" have at last been found, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, in the seventeenth manuscript of the work that he has examined in his search for these lines.

"Haddon Hall, Historical and Descriptive," is the title of a volume announced for publication, from the pen of Mr. J. Croston, of Manchester, the author of a "History of the Ancient Hall of Samlesbury," and other works of a kindred nature.

It is rumoured that the article in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, on "Germany, France, and England," was contributed, not, as is generally reported, by Mr. Gladstone, but by his eldest son: it is too, *on dit*, not without touches from another hand.

The *Orchestra* states that Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, although unable to fulfil her engagement at the Sacred Harmonic Society last Friday, is fast recovering from her severe illness, and will, it is anticipated, be able to resume her professional engagements after Christmas.

A new edition of Mr. R. H. Horne's "Poor Artist; or Seven Eye-sights and One Object," will appear at the end of the month, with a new introduction by the author "On Varieties of Vision in Man." The work was first published anonymously, in 1850, dedicated to Prof. Owen, and illustrated by Mr. Birket Foster.—*Athenæum.*

The *London Figaro* having come to the conclusion that the public is "an unmitigated ass," and won't pay a penny to see Bismarck chawed up and Napoleon canonised, offers itself, slightly reduced in size, for a halfpenny. This is a low figure for a high *Figaro*, and the unmitigated ass ought to prick up his long ears at the offer. There is not a better gossiping paper going; its theatrical items, in particular, are worth six months' supply of the *Era* and a box order for the Opera Comique. Take its politics with a strong pinch of snuff, read everything else with attention, and you will find *Figaro* a capital companion for garret, drawing-room, river, road, or rail.—*Hornet.*

A SAD OUTLOOK.

I.

After two thousand years of Christian teaching,
  And deepest delving in the mines of knowledge;
After some scanty practice and much preaching;
  Earth having grown one scientific college,
So that no wisdom from our eyes is hid—
How shews mankind? Exactly as it did.

II.

The old brute instinct, after soporific
  Doses of this, and that, and t'other ology,
Breaks out with aspect all the more terrific,
  As though it offer'd Satan an apology
For having slumber'd for a little space;
And takes the old road at a doubl'd pace.

III.

Scratch the philosopher—you find the savage:
  Your Goth's a full-blown Doctor of Divinity:
Your ethic student will slay, burn, and ravage,
  Without one decent thought of Christian lenity.
—His daily speech at home is sweet and godly;
His foreign doings match his precepts oddly!

IV.

Nurs'd in the cradle of a hope divine,
  In dreams we saw a future pure and fair;
But as we slept Ambition formed her line,
  And War's black banner darken'd all the air!
The vision fled, and we awoke, dismay'd
At the mad discord of the cannonade.

V.

Wert thou no more than a delusive lie,
  Come once again, O dream of lofty hope!
Faith languishes, and is at point to die,
  Through the thick gloom her feeble footsteps
    grope,
And while mad echo mocks her cry for light,
Blind horror peoples all the murky night!

D. Christie.

October 7th, 1870.

One Bottle Did It.—That is the expression of many who have had their grey hair restored to its natural colour, after using one bottle of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. It is not a dye, it can do no harm. Every one who has used this preparation speaks loud in its praise. If you wish to restore your hair as in youth, and retain it through life, without delay procure this preparation. Sold by all Chemists. Depot, 266, High Holborn, London, [32

NEW PATENTS.

(Contributed by Messrs. Payne and Talbot, 1, Bennett's-hill, and 56, Ann-street, Birmingham.)

Improvements in apparatus for manufacturing iced syrup or cream, and soda-water beverages. A. Piccaluga, Paris.

Improvements in machinery for dividing and condensing fibrous materials or carding engines. H. Bollinger, Manchester.

Improvements in machinery for cultivating land by steam or other power. W. Fisken, Northumberland, and T. R. H. Tisken, Yorkshire.

An improved anti-hemorrhoidal apparatus or anti-hemorrhoidal plate, F. Dupuy, Paris.

Improvements in walking sticks and in sticks or handles for umbrellas, parasols, and sunshades, and in certain other portable articles mainly composed of wood or cane. C. A. Bluemel, London.

Improvements in window sashes and parts connected therewith. A. Walker, Midlothian. N.B.

Improvements in apparatus for lowering weights. T. Wrighton, Durham.

An internal spring coupling and brake for transmitting, stopping, or regulating motion. L. Megy, J. de Echeverria, and F. Byzan, Paris.

Improvements in ventilation and in the purification of air. J. G. Marshall, Yorkshire.

Improvements in the manufacture of elastic fabrics. A. and L. Turner, Leicester.

An improved mode of operating the Gatling gun and other guns of like character. A. V. Newton, London. (A communication from G. O'Kinne, Connecticut.)

Improvements in the construction of drain pipes, and in the mode of obtaining access thereto for forming connections therewith, or for cleansing and examining the same. H. J. Jones, Surrey.

Improvements in mules for spinning. T. Rawsthorne, Lancashire.

Improvements in stop valves. J. A. Rothwell, Lancashire.

Improvements in the working of galvanic batteries. A. V. Newton, London. (A communication from E. D. McCraben, H. Jotham Newton, H. B. Kirland, and J. R. Husson, New York, U.S.

Improvements in means and apparatus for raising and measuring beer and other liquids. C. Burnett, Spenuymore, Durham.

Improvements in or applicable to machinery or apparatus for cutting wood to any required pattern or design. W. Ellis, South Lambeth, Surrey.

Raising and registering the measurements of wine, spirits, or other fluids, by means of the self-registering fluid engine. M. Smith, Leeds, Yorkshire, G. F. Waldner, Rugby, Warwickshire, and A. Lee, Leeds, Yorkshire.

(Patents upon which the £50 Stamp Duty has been paid.)

Improvements in the steps of spindles for spinning, roving, slubbing, doubling, and twisting frames. J. Collingham and T. E. Smith, Keighley, Yorkshire.

Improvements in metallic casks or vessels. R. R. Gray, Glasgow, Lanarkshire, N.B.

Improvements in tables. S. Vaile, London.

Improvements in portable and other steam engines and boilers. W. Brown and C. N. Moy, Devizes, Wiltshire.

An improved mode of waxing warps in the process of weaving. T. G. B. J. B. Stephenson, Bradford, Yorkshire.

An improved means to be employed for effecting the safe transmission of money or money orders; also improvements in the formation of documents that have to be separated. J. B. Scott, Edinburgh, Midlothian. N.B.

An improved material or composition to be employed for covering or coating the interior surfaces of moulds, crucibles, or ducts, previous to their receiving their molten metal in the process of casting, and for other purposes. J. Durrans, Yorkshire.

Improvements in apparatus to driving straw elevators. F. Roper, Lincolnshire.

Improvements in the means or apparatus for propelling canal boats and other vessels, parts of which improvements are applicable to other purposes. H. H. Murdoch, London. (A communication from B. O. De Mesnil, Belgium. J. M. Eyth, Stuttgart, Wurtemburg.

Improvements in looms for weaving. A. Ballough, Blackburn, Lancashire.

Morning Calls.—In a lengthy article on this subject, the *Court Circular* says:—"Morning calls are, of course, purely conventional. The caller feels the custom to be a bore and a blunder. How delightful to find that nobody is at home, so that a score of white lies may be represented by a piece of pasteboard. No such luck, however, if you *wish* people to be out of the way. The staircase is ascended. A cold drawing room without a fire, the chandelier clothed in brown holland, and the legs of the piano-forte in girl's trousers with pink frills—such is the *salle de reception*. Madame and the girls keep you waiting for half-an-hour whilst they are dressing (for the weather is wet, and visitors were not expected). Then commences the comedy, rather the tragical farce, of insincerity, pretence, and scandal-mongering. Persons, not things, are talked of—arrows fly over all the houses in the neighbourhood, and slay the reputations of the "dearly-beloved brethren." The Devil on Two Sticks plays Paul Pry to listeners more greedy of gossip than Don Cleofas Perez Zambullo. Each face is a mask. The adjective "dear," in the mouth of the envious Florinda, sounds in tone rather like the substantive wretch. The ice is only broken for an immersion in the slough of slander. Nonsense is talked of, if not scandal, and the parties separate, sick at heart, despising themselves and detesting the intruders, who return the sentiment with compound interest in their irritation at the *income* tax of "morning calls."

Faceache, Toothache, Tic Doloreux.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depot, 39, Ann Street. Sold by all Chemists; and J. Yardley, of Bloxwich. [107

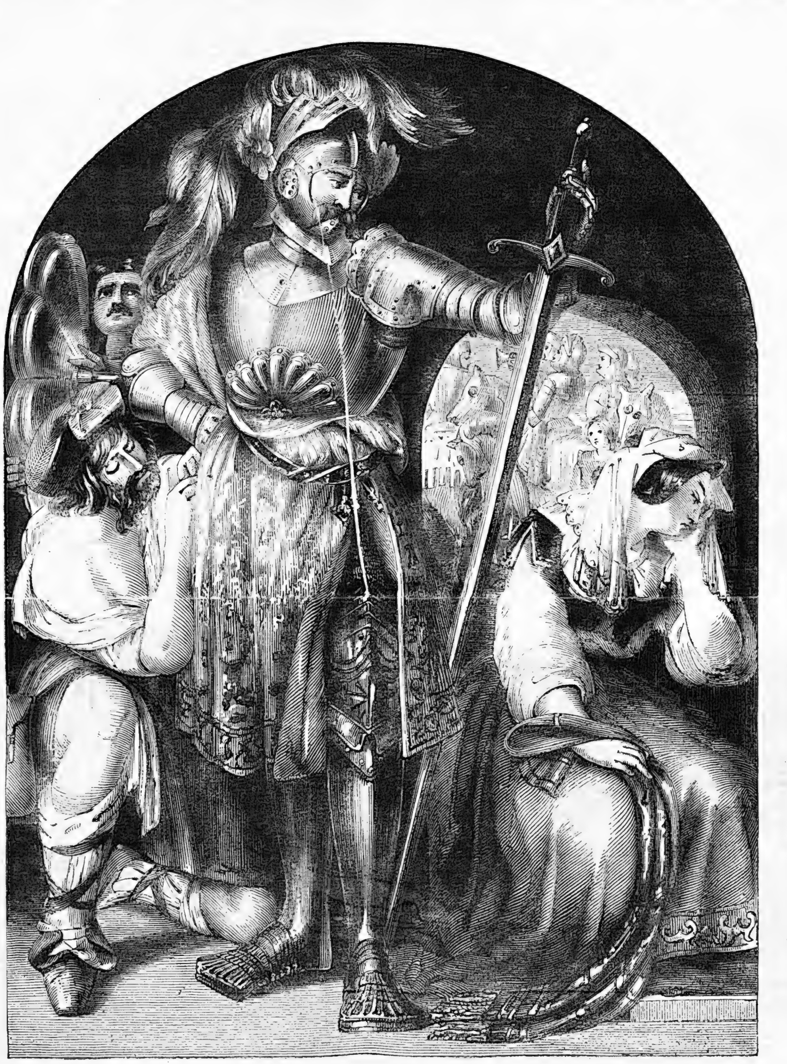
The Present Season.—Crichley, Wilde, and Co. are now showing a large section of their Patent Air Warmers; also, the Patent Terra-Cotta Gas Stove, which is entirely free from smoke or smell. New pattern Hot-Air Stoves for Halls, panelled with Encaustic Tiles. Churches, Mansions, Shops, &c., heated on the most approved principles. Show Rooms, 5½, 6, and 6½, Cannon Street. Works, Bordesley. [119

Pure Water.—Alfred Bird, Experimental Chemist, begs to announce that he has perfected his new Carbon Filter, price 7s. 6d. each, which he guarantees shall deliver 60 gallons of the purest water daily.—To be seen in action at 69, Worcester Street, Birmingham. [930

For Table Delicacies, Desserts, &c., "Sea Moss Farine" is the most healthful, economical, convenient, and delicious food in the world. A Shilling Packet will produce *Sixteen Quarts* of Blanc Mange, Custard Pudding, Charlotte Russe, Floating Island, &c. Sea Moss Farine is in a far more concentrated form than Corn Flours, Maizena, and other farinaceous or gelatinous articles. Its cheapness, wholesomeness, and simplicity of preparation will commend it to all Hotels, Families, and Restaurants. Sold by all Chemists and Grocers. Sea Moss Farine Co., 266, High Holborn, London. [21

TO THE WARS.

The sketch by Maclise, on this page, is a fine symbolic representation of the departure of a warlike knight to scenes of battle and adventure in distant lands. The moment has come to take farewell of the lady, who sits aside, grief-stricken at the thought of parting. In those ancient days, when warriors were dressed in steel armour, and went forth in search of strife, these separations were even worse than those which afflict the spouses of soldiers in our own times. The dangers and misadventures of travel were hardly less serious than those which had to be met with in the field; and when a knight like him in our picture went out to any great undertaking, he was more likely to be absent for years than for weeks or months, and no daily post or balloon despatch or carrier pigeon would bring home to the lady of the castle intelligence of the well-doing or ill-doing of her lord. The hour of his going would be the beginning of a suspense for which there would be very little relief till he returned. The gallant officer might be enjoying such triumphs as would add new and unrivalled glory to his family name, while his bride, in his distant home would be suffering all the tortures of uncertainty, not to be relieved for weeks and months, and perhaps for years. Nevertheless, war was even more fashionable in those days than it is in our own; and that very knight, looking down so demurely upon his sorrow-stricken lady, would be as ready as any other baron to make war for his own diversion if no enemy were willing to oblige him with a *casus belli*. And if he showed any indisposition for martial strife, it may be that the fair creature who now looks so sad would be the first to taunt him with cowardice and to remind him that none but the brave deserve the fair. For those were the days of chivalry, when maidens bade their lovers go forth to battle and peril; and already this fair dame has in her hand the scarf which she will presently place across his shoulder, not only as a pledge of love and faithfulness, but as a gage of valour, the presence of which with him in all manner of scenes is to incite him to heroic deeds. According to the manners of those times, the lady must dry her tears at the last, and bid her lord courage and good speed, and give him a smile as the latest token of remembrance; but it is better in all partings to go forth than to be left behind, and while the knight, thinking of his love and her farewell tearful smile, will feel a certain reaction of high spirits as he leaves his castle behind him and finds himself fairly launched upon a venture that will bring him change of scene, new experiences, and perhaps glory, the woman will be breaking her heart with weeping in her chamber, and, taking counsel with her feelings, will be asking herself the question that has been debated by philosophers and statesmen since—whether this war is not, after all, a hideous mistake. The unhappy lady of the ancient knight would not, however, solve the problem; for it is not solved yet, and our women are weeping now just as did the women of the days of chivalry eight hundred years ago.



A SKETCH BY MACLISE.

DR. BLACKWELL.

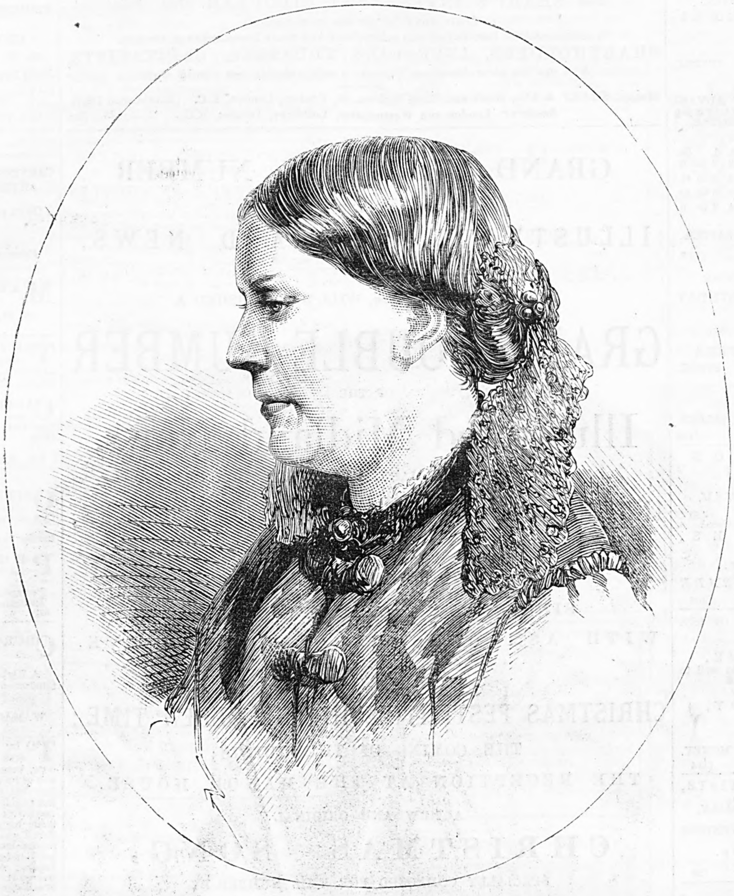
Our Dr. Blackwell is a lady, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell. She is the first woman who was ever entitled to place M.D. at the end of her name. The scene of her studies and her triumphs over professional opposition and popular prejudice was the United States. Her struggle there was as difficult as that of Miss Garrett, now Dr. Garrett, and a member of the Education Board of Mary-le-bone, in England. Miss Garrett has become so popular of late in this country as to revive the public interest in the movement of which she has been one of the foremost champions, and we, therefore, take the opportunity of presenting our readers with a portrait and brief memoir of her great predecessor in the study and practice of medicine. Though this lady is taken for an American, having spent the greater part of her life and won her honours in the States, she is an Englishwoman by birth. She was born in Bristol on the 3rd of February, 1821. Her father was the late Mr. Samuel Blackwell, a sugar-refiner of that city. After suffering heavy commercial losses, Mr. Blackwell emigrated with his family, in 1832, to the United States, fixing upon New York, where he again settled in business. After some years of prosperity, he was seriously affected by the commercial crisis of 1837-8, in which so many were involved in ruin; and though he avoided bankruptcy he found himself deprived of almost all he possessed. In this condition he started with his family for Cincinnati, to try his fortunes once more by a fresh start in business; but, suddenly stricken down with fever, he died only a few days after his arrival, leaving his widow and nine children in very straightened circumstances. Pressed by pecuniary difficulties, and in a foreign country, Elizabeth Blackwell, who was then eighteen years of age, and her two elder sisters, opened a young ladies' seminary, and by their united efforts, the younger members of the family, with their widowed mother, were supported and educated, all embarrassments were gradually cleared away, and a comfortable homestead was secured. While thus engaged in teaching Miss Blackwell became impressed with the narrowness of the sphere in which women could earn a livelihood; and in 1843 her attention seems to have been directed towards medicine as a source of remunerative employment for educated women. Having thought carefully over the matter, and decided her plan of action, she quietly, yet vigorously, set to work, with that firm determination of character that has marked her throughout her eventful life, to acquire the means to prosecute her medical studies, and to master such branches of knowledge as would be valuable to her, if not altogether indispensible, in the career which she was about to enter upon. Accordingly from 1844 to 1847, she devoted herself, as a teacher of music at Charleston, to the accumulation of funds—for the younger members of the family were now old enough to provide for themselves—employing every moment not actually engaged in teaching or home study, in preliminary medical reading under the direction of Dr. S. H. Dickson. During this period she commenced the study of Greek, she also revived her Latin, and mastered sufficient at least for all professional purposes. In 1847 she went to Philadelphia, with the view of still further pursuing her medical studies. Her efforts to obtain admission to the medical schools being unsuccessful, she studied privately for a time under Dr. Allan, Professor of Anatomy, whose anatomical rooms afforded her excellent opportunities for dissection, and Dr. Warrington, who instructed her in midwifery. Shortly after this she wrote to all the public medical schools of the United States, asking for permission to enter as a student, and afer receiving twelve refusals she was admitted, in November, 1847, to the medical college of the University of Geneva, New York, where she went through the entire course of studies prescribed for the students, and received, in 1849, the first medical degree ever conferred on a woman. On the 18th of April, 1848, Miss Blackwell set sail for Europe, first visiting the medical schools of London, Dudley, and Birmingham, and then departing for Paris. In England she was on the whole well received by the Profession, and was freely admitted to the hospitals and classes. In Paris she met with more difficulty. In 1851 she returned to New York, and commenced the public duties of her profession, confining herself to the diseases of women and children; and though considerably opposed at first, she has since not only acquired a large private practice, but has established a dispensary for women and children (1853), a hospital for women (1857), and a college in connection with the latter. Since her successful *débût*, her sister has also taken an M.D. degree.

THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLL.

The engraving at the foot of the opposite page is a copy of one of the fine frescoes painted by Edward Matthew Ward, R.A., for the corridors of the Houses of Parliament. It is the last earthly sleep of the Earl of Argyll, a scene which throws a vivid light upon a terrible period in the history of Scotland. Unusal interest attaches just now to this picture, for it illustrates a memorable crisis in the story of a family whose name has grown very conspicuous in the last few weeks. The noble and aged Earl, who lies sleeping in that cell in Edinburgh Castle, is one of the ancestors of the Marquis of Lorne. The Argyll of the seventeenth century died because he could not, with sufficient unreserve, swear fealty to the last of the Stuart Kings; the Argyll of the nineteenth century is betrothed to the reigning sovereign of England of the House of Hanover. The noble Earl died a brave death. His last hours would, perhaps, have been happier than they were could he have looked into the future, and have seen the line of the Papist King hurled from the throne, and the child of a Protestant dynasty given to an heir to his own house in marriage. The time is opportune for a brief glance at the history of the noble Earl, sufficient at least to explain the scene depicted in our sketch. King Charles II was anxious to secure the succession to the throne for his brother James, the Duke of York, and to that end he sent him as a Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament. The nobles of Scotland, like those of England, feared that James would seek to restore Popery in the land, but they received him as Commissioner with a good deal of form and pomp, and the Earl of Argyll carried the crown before him in procession through the streets of Edinburgh. The Duke of York was gracious, and assured his brother's Scottish subjects that when he should be King he would inviolably maintain and protect the Protestant religion, and allow no interruption to the law for the security of the property and rights of his subjects. But the form of oath which he sought to administer to his council seemed to belie his words. It left room for the reestablishment of Popery, the persecution of Protestants, and the vesting of something like unqualified power in the future King. The Earl, therefore, hesitated to bind himself by the oath, and requested permission to resign his office and go into voluntary exile, rather than be bound by such a test. His hesitation aroused the wrath of the Duke of York, and he stood in a position of imminent danger. On being hard pressed by his friend, he at length consented to take the oath as a Privy Councillor, but he prefaced the act by these words: "I have considered the test, and I am desirous to give obedience as far as I can. I am confident that Parliament never intended to impose contradictory oaths, and therefore I think no man can explain it but for himself. Accordingly I take it in as far as it is consistent with itself and the Protestant religion; and I do declare I mean not to bind up myself in my station; and in a lawful way to wish and endeavour any alteration I think to the advantage of the Church or State nor repugnant to the Protestant religion and my loyalty. And this I understand as part of my oath." The next day he was removed from his office for not accepting the test "in the terms, sense, and meaning put upon it by the Act of Parliament," and a few hours later he was thrown into Edinburgh Castle, charged with treason, and on this charge he was tried and condemned. So glaring was the injustice of the act that it is said the children of the Edinburgh Hospital made a jest of the Crown lawyers. They resolved among themselves that the house-dog ought to take the test. The dog refused it, but afterwards swallowed the paper when it was covered with butter. Upon this the dog was tried and condemned for "taking the test with a qualification." It was many years, however, before the Earl was brought to the block. He escaped from prison disguised as a page, holding up the train of his step-daughter Lady Sophia Lindsay, and spent the next two or three years in Holland. His escape was a subject of rejoicing, not only in Scotland but in England, where Lord Halifax said to King Charles: "I am not acquainted with the laws of Scotland, but the laws of England would not hang a dog on such evidence." A few years later, when the "Merry Monarch" was dead and James had ascended the throne, disaffection grew rife throughout the kingdom and the Earl came over from Holland to Scotland to command an army of rebellion, whose object was "to recover the religion, rights, and privileges of Scotland." The movement was a failure, those who were concerned in it were treated with the most atrocious cruelty, and Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyll, while seeking to get back to Holland, was captured by a party of militiamen, and thrown into Edinburgh Castle. It was the wish of King James that the noble Earl should be put to the torture to compel him to betray his associates, but the prisoner gave a frank account of himself, and his judges spared him the infliction intended for him by the monarch. But this time there was no escape for him, and here we arrive at the scene pourtrayed by Mr. Ward in the corridor of the House of Commons, and transferred to our pages. On the day fixed for his execution the Earl, after dinner, retired to his bed-closet, where he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. During that brief sleep—his last upon earth—one of the principal officers of State came from the Council with some message from the Earl, and desired to speak with him. Upon being informed that his lordship was asleep and had left orders not to be disturbed, he suspected that it was a subterfuge to avoid being questioned, and insisted upon seeing him. In order to satisfy him the cell-door was opened softly, and he beheld the Earl in a sweet and tranquil slumber. Without speaking a word the intruder abruptly left the room, and in the utmost agitation ran out of the Castle to the house of one of his relatives, who lived on the Castle Hill, where he threw himself on a bed and groaned in agony of mind. The lady of the house, imagining that he was unwell, called for a glass of sack and begged him to take it, but putting it away he replied "That will not help me; I have been with Argyll, and seen him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did—within an hour of eternity—but as for me—!" History does no say who this man was, but he was one of the Councillors who, against conscience and the rights and liberties of his countrymen, had taken all the oaths, and bent the knee to the detested James, and probably borne a part in the atrocious persecutions which had been carried out against those who held by the right and the true. The quarter of an hour's sleep within an hour of death, with the turnkey and the conscience-stricken councillor looking on the while, is a scene of Scottish history well worthy of painter's art. That afternoon the Earl died a brave death on the scaffold, and almost his last words were:—"I die not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, Prelacy, and all superstition whatsoever." Three years later King James fled from England and became an exile, and the Protestant William of Orange came to the throne. The lives and deaths of such men as Argyll had not been in vain.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE MANIA.—The *Examiner* in a smart article on this subject says: "Breach of promise actions have become suspiciously frequent of late. Damsels with broken hearts, like travellers with broken heads after a railway accident, clamour for compensation; and there is reason to believe that in both cases there is a sentimental prejudice in favour of the petitioner, not consistent with strict justice, which unduly influences the verdict as well as the amount of damages. In reading the evidence of many breach of promise cases lately, one is struck by its flimsy nature, and the non-allowance to the defendant for provocation received from the other side. A case was heard a few days ago, where the engagement had been dissolved by request of the lady, who had openly transferred her affections to another swain, but, subsequently meeting her former lover, the intimacy was renewed, not apparently with ardour on his side, for he married another woman; whereupon the previous "jilt" sues the newly-made Benedict for breach of promise. But where, we ask, was the ground for damages? Yet she obtained them. Again, another defendant pleads that he is willing to marry the plaintiff, but cannot afford it—a very sensible and likely reason; nor is it made to appear that she would accept matrimony with poverty. However, the jury compel the man, who cannot afford the luxury of a wife for himself, to pay his *ci-devant* mistress a dower to be somebody else's. Now this is all very amusing in its way, and is particularly agreeable, we dare say, to attorneys and counsel, who profit by it; but, we ask again, does it not look like a burlesque of justice? The fact is, we suspect, that jurymen, unable to sift the mass of rubbish which constitutes the evidence in such cases, chivalrously give the plaintiff the benefit of the doubt, with as much damages as they decently can. But while the sacred majesty of the law is charged with discriminating in complaints of broken troth, while legal forms and ceremonies are employed in the matter, we protest against the loose principles of justice, and the laxity of dignity and decorum which too often characterise the proceedings.

Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been dramatised at New York and Philadelphia.

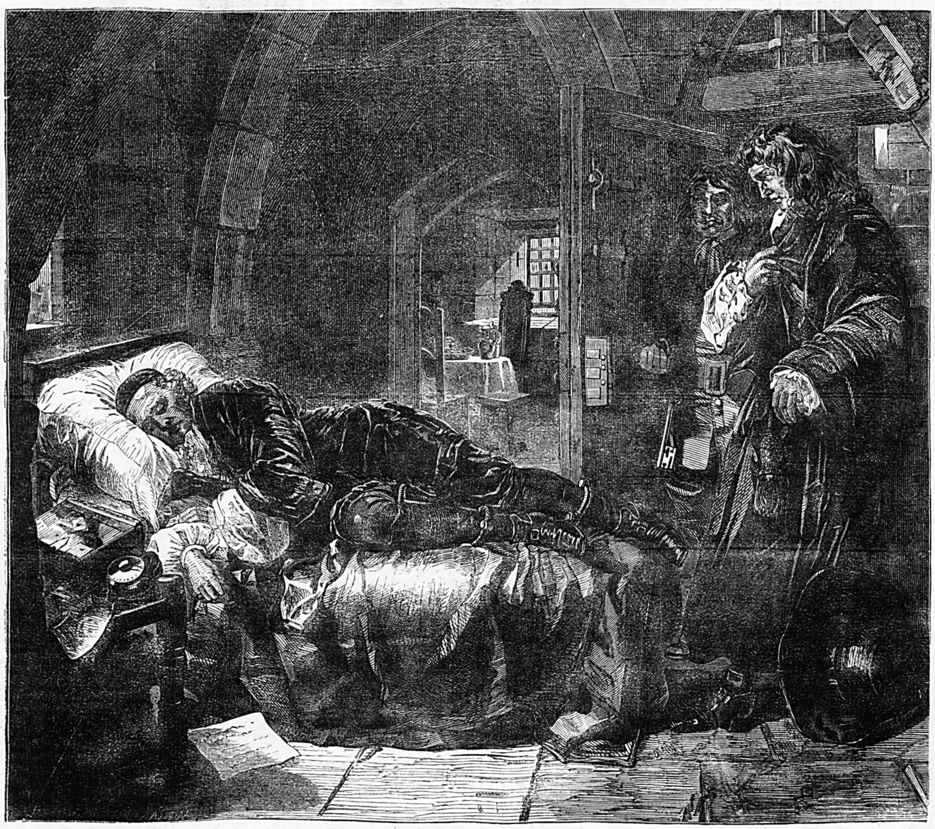


ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M.D.

DICKENS'S LITERARY TASTE.—Dickens's taste in literature was peculiar. Like Byron he undervalued Shakespeare, saying, "for a great poet he is too careless, and his finest plays are full of absurdities." He forgot that he himself, like Shakespere, was fond of introducing *ultra natural* situations. Nevertheless he had no appreciation of the gravedigger's scene in "Hamlet," and the smothering scene in "Othello." He maintained they were beneath the dignity of the tragedy, being entirely sensational and realistic, adding, "I should like to see Sheridan Knowles try such scenes upon the stage now; they would damn any play, however good." His favourite poet was Tennyson, although he thought Browning still greater. He once declared, in a fit of enthusiasm, that he would rather have written Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon" than any work of modern times. He once horrified Charles Knight, editor of Shakespeare, by calling Hamlet "that prosy chap," and said that "no audience could stand his dreary soliloquies unless they had known them by heart," thus unconsciously sounding the great poet's praise. When Walter Savage Landor was praising Dicknes's style, and asking him where he got it, he said, "Why, from the New Testament to be sure." Wordsworth and Dickens did not *take* to each other. Indeed there was a mutual contempt between them, though they met only once. This was about 1843. Some days after a gentleman whose guest Wordsworth was, in the suburbs of London, asked the poet how he liked the great novelist? Wordsworth had a great contempt for young men, and after pursing up his lips in a manner peculiar to him, and swinging the one leg over the other, the bare flesh of his ancles appearing over his socks, slowly answered, "Why, I am not much given to turn critic on people I meet; but as you ask me, I will candidly avow that I thought him a very talkative, vulgar young person; but I dare say he will be very clever. Mind, I don't say a word against him, for I have never read a line that he has written."—*Dr. Mackenzie's Life of Charles Dickens.*

TREES IN AMERICA.—An American agriculturist, who has recently travelled in the treeless regions of the "far West," mentions facts which tend to weaken, if not to overturn, the theories of those who hold that the great plains can never be made to bear timber. Although the trees that do grow naturally in those parts are so stunted and distorted as to lead to the conclusion that the climate is utterly opposed to anything better, yet plantations have been made in Eastern Kansas which are as flourishing as could be desired; a ten years' growth having produced handsome trees, fifty feet in height. The most valuable among these are oak, hickory, and black walnut. It is found, too, that fruit trees, including the grape vine, thrive and yield abundantly in sheltered situations. Is this to be regarded as the beginning of planting operations which, in course of years, will cover all the wild wastes with timber up to the foot of the rocky mountains? What a grand compensation that would be for the loss of the forests which are fast falling before the axe in the Middle States!—*Athenæum.*

We regret to announce that Mr. Frederick Young has been killed in a railway accident.



THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY E. M. WARD, A.R.A.

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HENRY HANDY,
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ESTABLISHED 1810. [114

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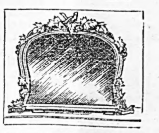

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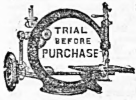

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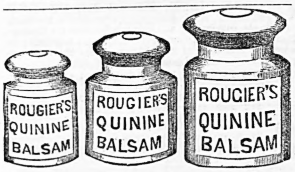

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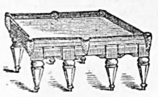

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Of Everlasting
ARTIFICIAL TEETH, BY
MR. LYONS, SURGEON DENTIST,
52, *NEW STREET*
(Nearly opposite Theatre Royal).
FROM 3s. 6d. A TOOTH. [63

W. AND H. DEW,
SUCCESSORS TO RICHARD LLOYD,
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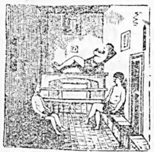
All the protected private Stations, Walls, Boards, and Hoardings. Charges strictly moderate. Established 1825. [601



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CORKSCREW AND FANCY STEEL TOY MAKERS,
Invite the attention of Merchants and Factors to their WHISTLE RAILWAY KEYS and Corkscrews, just Registered by them, in Steel, German Silver, &c.; Light, Compact, Efficient, Cheap.
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BEDSTEAD, BEDDING, AND BED-ROOM FURNITURE
MANUFACTURERS & WAREHOUSEMEN,
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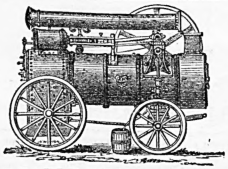

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ONE GUINEA
TWEED WATERPROOF
CLOAKS AND COSTUMES.
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CHEF D'ŒUVRE
"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war he mounts the warrior's steed."
LOVE-LORNE
"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
E'en conquerors feel the power of love."
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2, New Bond Street, London.
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Funerals efficiently and economically CONDUCTED in every part of the country.
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YEATMANS
YEAST
POWDER
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THURSDAY, December 22nd; and on
THURSDAY, January 5th, 1871.
Sales by Auction every Thursday; by Private Treaty, Daily. [35

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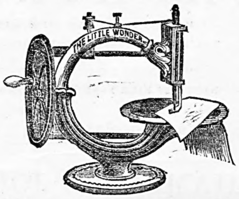
SEWING MACHINES...
BOTH SIDES ALIKE. £3 3s.



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LIGHT ONLY ON THE BOX
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THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST
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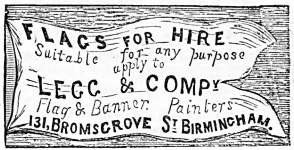

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apply to
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Cigar Cases, Photographic Receptacle Ladies' Companions. Business Card Cases.
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RIGHT ABOUT FACE! QUICK MARCH
TO THE

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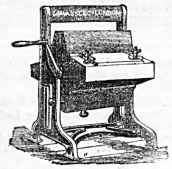

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CHEAP QUALITIES BEARING A FALSE NAME,
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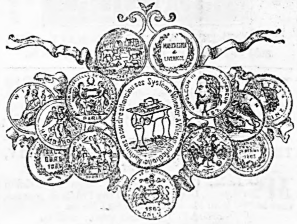

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